

# THE CHRISTIAN PARLOR MAGAZINE.

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## JONATHAN EDWARDS.

JONATHAN EDWARDS, one of the great lights, not only of his country but of the world, was born at East Windsor, Connecticut, October 5, 1703. His father was the Rev. Timothy Edwards, who, for more than sixty years, was pastor of the congregational church in that place; and his mother was the daughter of the Rev. Solomon Stoddard, of Northampton, and was distinguished by uncommon powers of mind, by great intellectual acquirements, and by a deep and earnest piety. Both his parents were eminently qualified to aid in the development of a great mind, and in the formation of an elevated character.

The subject of this memoir, while he was a mere child, exhibited powers of reflection that would have been remarkable, even at a maturer period; but this precocity, instead of indicating, as it often does, merely a mushroom growth of the faculties, was only the legitimate opening of a mind in which lay hid the elements of mighty power, and which was destined to become progressively one of the brightest glories of the age. At the age of six years he commenced the study of Latin, under the direction of his father, and very quickly became a proficient in that and other branches of study. He evinced, from a very early period, a great relish for philanthropical speculations; and at an age when most boys would scarcely have betaken themselves to anything more profound than "Robinson Crusoe," he read with intense interest, "Locke's Essay on the Human Understanding." Indeed,

his thirst for knowledge seemed to be universal; and if his inclination led him peculiarly into the region of profound investigation, he was delighted also in exploring the kingdom of nature, and saw nothing within this vast field of observation that he considered unworthy of his regard.

In the year 1716, just before he had completed his thirteenth year, he became a member of the freshman class in Yale College. The college was at that time in its infancy, and, owing to various circumstances, furnished fewer advantages, or rather labored under greater disadvantages, than at almost any subsequent period; but such a mind as his, bent on the highest possible degree of improvement, could not fail of making extensive acquisitions under any circumstances; and accordingly he maintained throughout his whole collegiate course the highest standing in his class, and graduated with the first honor. It is hardly necessary to add, that his deportment while he was in college was of the most exemplary kind, and such as to secure the universal confidence both of his fellow students and his instructors.

From his earliest childhood, he seems to have been a model of kindness, and docility, and filial obedience; but his first decidedly religious impressions he received during a season of uncommon attention to religion, in his father's parish, at the age of about seven. Notwithstanding he seems to have been deeply exercised in religious things at this period, his

impressions gradually wore away, and he was accustomed ever after to regard this as a spurious experience; but toward the latter part of his collegiate course, he again became the subject of strong conviction of sin, which, as he supposed, marked the commencement of his religious life. For a considerable time he endured the greatest inward struggles, but was at length relieved by a new and delightful apprehension of the truths of the Bible, and especially of the doctrine of God's absolute sovereignty. The record of his whole experience during this period, is of the most edifying, as well as remarkable character; and is fitted, above almost any uninspired record of which we have any knowledge, to aid in the detection of counterfeit religious exercises.

From his graduation, in 1720, he continued his connection with college as a resident graduate, for about two years, during which time he was chiefly occupied in his preparation for the Christian ministry. He was licensed to preach in June or July, 1722; a little before he had completed his nineteenth year; and almost immediately went to New York, by request of a small society of Presbyterians, to commence among them his ministerial labors. He supplied their pulpit for about eight months, with much acceptance; but finding the congregation too small to support a minister, he left them in April, 1723, and though they subsequently sent an earnest invitation to him to return, he thought it his duty to decline it. It was about this time that he formed and committed to paper his celebrated "resolutions" for the government of his heart and life, which, though evidently not intended to be made public, have long since become the property, we might almost say, of the whole Christian Church.

In June, 1724, Mr. Edwards entered on the duties of the tutorship in Yale College—an office to which he had been chosen in the September preceding. This office he continued to fill with great dignity, ability, and acceptableness, till the summer of 1726, when he accepted an urgent invitation from the church in Northampton to settle over them, as a colleague in the ministry, with his venerable grandfather, the Rev. Solomon Stoddard. Accordingly, he was set apart to the pastoral office in that church, February 15, 1727, when he was in the twenty-fourth year of his age. We have seen the letter inviting the Rev. John Williams of Deerfield, to the ordination; it reads thus:

*Northampton, June 25, 1727.*

REV. SIR,

Our church do desire your presence and attention at the ordination of Mr. Jonathan Edwards this day three weeks.

Your servant,

SOLOMON STODDARD.

Within a few months after this ordination, he was married to Miss Sarah Pierpont, daughter of the Rev. James Pierpont, of New Haven—a lady of fine talents and accomplishments, and eminently fitted for the responsible station which she was destined to occupy. She not only proved a model of Christian prudence, humility and activity, but she was in the largest sense a help meet for her husband; taking upon herself the oversight of everything connected with the pecuniary interests of the family, and leaving him unembarrassed, to devote himself to professional duties and pursuits.

In February, 1729, the whole charge of the congregation was devolved on Mr. Edwards, by the death of his venerable colleague and grandfather, the Rev. Mr. Stoddard. In consequence of this additional weight of care and responsibility, his health soon became materially impaired, and he was obliged to withdraw temporarily from his public labors. After a few months, however he regained his accustomed vigor, and was able to labor as usual; though for two or three years succeeding, the state of religion in his congregation was uncommonly low, and he had constant occasion to exclaim, as he retired from the sanctuary, "Who hath believed our report?"

During the years 1733, 1734, and 1735, a wonderful blessing attended his ministrations, the consequence of which was one of the most extensive and powerful revivals that have ever been witnessed in New England. A great part of his preaching during this period was eminently doctrinal; and he entered particularly into the leading doctrines involved in the Arminian controversy. In the revival were included persons of every class and character; and the effect of it was, for the time, an apparent renovation of the whole community. Proficiency was reclaimed, pride was humbled, animosities were removed, error was rebuked into silence, even where it was not the subject of an actual conversion, and the influence of a living piety seemed to diffuse itself gratefully through every circle, like the breath of the morning. Towards the close of 1735, the work gradually declined; after which there

seems to have been no unusual attention till the early part of 1740, when there occurred another revival of no inconsiderable power. At this time Edwards received a visit from Whitefield, then on his second visit to this country; and while he was greatly delighted with Whitefield's exhibitions of Divine truth, he had the pleasure of witnessing the permanent effect of his preaching, in the hopeful conversion of many of his own people.

Every one who is at all conversant with the religious state of things at that day, knows that this revival, which occurred in connection with the ministrations of Whitefield and others, was greatly marred through the prevalence of certain extravagances which were the offspring of a spirit of unbridled fanaticism. Edwards set his face like a flint against all these erratic movements: he talked against them; he preached against them; he wrote against them, with an ability and earnestness worthy of himself; and to this day the church has no better weapons, with which to beat back a fanatical spirit, except those which are drawn immediately from the armory of God, than different portions of his writings supply. He was peculiarly cautious in distinguishing between true and false experience; and his work on the "religious affections," while it will always stand a monument of the rarest intellectual endowments, and the rarest Christian attainments, will no doubt remain to the end of the world as one of the most important guards against a spurious religion.

Until the year 1744, Mr. Edwards' ministry had been not only eminently blest of God, but eminently esteemed and honored by men. Not a small portion of his congregation regarded him as having been the instrument of their salvation; and even those who had not been savingly benefited by his labors, gloried in his extraordinary powers, and his widely-extended fame. But at this period an event occurred which threw a dark cloud over his prospect both of comfort and usefulness, in connection with his charge. He had been informed of some immoral practices which had been indulged in by some of the young people belonging to his church; and after having preached a most solemn and impressive sermon on the general subject, he submitted the matter to the consideration of the church, and they, with great unanimity, appointed a committee of their own number to co-operate with the pastor in a judicial investigation. It turned out that among the guilty persons were

some from nearly all the more respectable families in the town; and when Mr. E. read from the pulpit the names of the culprits without distinction, it produced a very general disaffection, and a majority of the church determined that it was not worth while to proceed with a matter that must give pain to so many families, and accordingly no farther steps were taken in reference to it. This deliberate yielding up of the discipline of Christ's house—this triumph of vice over virtue, where vice had no right to be found, was the evidence of an actual decline of spirituality in the church, and the harbinger of a state of things yet more fearful, to be realized in coming years, and to constitute materials for one of the most melancholy chapters to be found in the history of any religious society.

The church at Northampton was originally constituted on the principle that a profession of real attachment to Christ, or, in other words, of having felt the power of Divine grace in the renovation of the heart, is necessary to an acceptable approach to the Lord's table; and by this principle they continued to be governed, till about the beginning of the eighteenth century, when, through the influence of their pastor, the Rev. Mr. Stoddard, they were brought to adopt a different principle of admission, viz., that unconverted persons, provided they are not immoral, have a right, in the sight of God, to come to this ordinance. Mr. Edwards, from the commencement of his ministry among them, had had doubts in respect to the correctness of this principle; but his mind was never so settled in an opposite conviction that he felt himself called upon publicly to avow it and to enlist in its defence, until the year 1749; when he published his "Humble Inquiry into the Rules of the Word of God, concerning the qualifications requisite to a complete standing and full communion in the visible Christian Church." This at once produced the most violent excitement in his congregation, and the purpose was very quickly matured for forcing him away from his charge. At length, it was agreed to submit the case to an ecclesiastical council, consisting of the neighboring ministers, some of whom, having strong Arminian tendencies, sympathized with the people in their opposition to their pastor; and the result was that it was voted in the council by a majority of one that his pastoral relation should be dissolved. Mr. Edwards immediately acquiesced in the decision, and after a few days preached

his farewell sermon—a sermon which was afterward published, and which for real pathos, solemnity, and fidelity, has rarely been equalled. He continued to reside in Northampton for some time after this, and occasionally preached for them when they had no other supply; but the parish at length had a meeting, and formally voted that he should not again be permitted to enter their pulpit.

Notwithstanding the majority of the church evinced toward him a spirit of the most malignant persecution, there was during all this time a small minority who were deeply convinced of the rectitude of his course, and adhered to him with the most unwavering and affectionate confidence. Even after his pastoral relation was dissolved, they were still strongly bent on retaining him among them; and with a view to this proposed to form a new church, of which he should become the pastor. He had strong inducements to listen to such a proposal, from the fact that he had then no prospect of finding a new charge in any other place; but, on the other hand, he feared that the effect of it might be to perpetuate dissension in the town, and thus to be productive of more evil than good. He, however, so far yielded to their wishes as to refer the matter to an ecclesiastical council, who, after mature deliberation, came to a decision in accordance with the opinion which Mr. Edwards had previously expressed. The design for which this council had met, not being fully understood, and suspicion having got afloat that it was for the purpose of taking some measures to re-establish Mr. E. in his pastoral charge, the council were assailed in a manner the most rude and offensive. His friends were constrained to acquiesce in the result to which the council were brought, however much they could have wished it otherwise; and they continued to testify their affection and gratitude towards him by every means in their power.

A large portion of those who opposed him, never, so far as is known, yielded their hostility; and yet there were some honorable exceptions, and among them several who had had a chief part in producing the unhallowed excitement. One individual particularly, a lawyer of great eminence, and one of the leading civilians in the State, several years after, became deeply sensible of his error, and acknowledged it to Mr. Edwards, in a letter still extant, which is full of the strongest expressions of self-condemnation. Mr. E. also addressed

a letter to him, if we mistake not, in reply to this, which was worthy of his great mind, and his great heart, and which was as fine a specimen of Christian magnanimity as has ever been exhibited since the days of Stephen. This letter, which had lain in the dark for nearly a century, has, within the last year or two, been brought to light; and though, as yet, it has only been published in some of our religious newspapers, it will almost of course be included in all future editions of his works.

In estimating the strength of principle that was indicated by Mr. Edwards' course in relation to the matters which led to his dismissal, we are to bear in mind that he was almost entirely dependent on his salary for the support of a large family, and that, being considerably advanced in life, he regarded his resettlement in the ministry as at best a matter of great uncertainty. But none of these things moved him. He counted not his comfort, his reputation, or even his life dear to him, if it could not be retained but at the sacrifice of a good conscience. He was, however, provided for by his friends, especially his friends in Scotland, who, on hearing of the severe trials to which he had been subjected, manifested their regard for him by sending him at once a liberal donation. But it was not long that he was without stated employment. Within less than a year from the time that he was dismissed, he received proposals from the church in Stockbridge to become their pastor, and at the same time similar proposals from the Commissioners at Boston of the "Society in London for propagating the Gospel in New England and the parts adjacent," to become the missionary of the Housatonnuck tribe of Indians, who at that time had their residence at Stockbridge and that vicinity. A mission among this tribe had been commenced in 1735, by the Rev. John Sergeant, who continued to be connected with it till his death, in 1749, though his labors seem to have been attended with but little success. Mr. Edwards accepted the proposals both of the church and the commissioners, and was accordingly set apart, both as a pastor and a missionary, in July, 1751. Here he continued laboring among both the Indians and the white people for six years; but his more important labors, during this period, were undoubtedly those that were performed in his study. It was at this time that he found leisure for writing those great metaphysical and theological works—particularly his work on Original Sin, and on the



Freedom of the Will, which will secure the transmission of his name as a prodigy of intellect, to the end of the world. It seemed a dark dispensation that he should have been separated in such a way from his flock, and driven from a wide field of ministerial usefulness; but sufficient explanation of it is found in the fact that this was a link in that chain of events by which his highest and most permanent usefulness was secured.

The presidency of the College of New Jersey having been vacated by the death of his son-in-law, Mr. Burr, he was induced, though not without great reluctance, to accept an invitation to that responsible office; thus forming one of the most illustrious line of presidents that perhaps any college can boast. He was accordingly dismissed from his charge at Stockbridge, in January, 1758, and almost immediately after, was inaugurated President, at Princeton. But scarcely had he entered on the duties of the presidency, when the college, which had begun to rejoice in the prospect of his eminent services, was called to lament his sudden departure from the world. In consequence of the prevalence of the small-pox in that part of the country, it was thought expedient that Mr. E., who had never had the disease, should be inoculated for it; and, accordingly, by advice of the physician, and by

consent of the corporation, he was inoculated in the month of February. When it was supposed all danger was over, and everything indicated the prospect of a rapid recovery, he was seized with a violent fever, which resisted all medical skill, and in a few days terminated his life. He died March 22, 1758, in the fifty-fifth year of his age. During his last illness, though he said but little, he evinced the most unqualified submission to the Divine will, and a desire to lie passive in the hands of his heavenly Father. When he became satisfied that he was soon to die, he called his daughter to his bedside (the rest of his family he had not removed to Princeton), and charged her with a most affectionate message to his wife, and other children, and requested that his funeral should be conducted with the utmost plainness and simplicity. Just before he expired, as some persons who were present were expressing their apprehensions for the welfare of the college, in view of the prospect of another bereavement, supposing that they were not heard by him, and that he would never speak again, he said, "Trust in God, and ye need not fear." His death was worthy of his life—it was like the going down of the sun in an unclouded sky.

To be continued.

## SOUVENIR.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH OF LAMARTINE.

BY F. W. RECORD.

In vain doth day succeed to day,  
They swiftly glide nor leave a trace,  
But nought can from my soul efface,  
Or drive thee—love's last dream—away.

I see my quickly-fleeing years  
Speed with unwearied pace,  
E'en as the oak around her base  
Sees fall her foliage sere.

Upon my brow's the threat of death,  
The frozen blood creeps in my veins,

Like to the stream that's held in chains  
By rough Boreas' chilling breath.

But yet, thine image young and bright,  
Which, to regard, new beauties owe,  
To me can never older grow—  
No, time to it can bear no blight.

No, no, thou hast not left my eyes—  
For when my solitary gaze  
On earth meets not the form I praise,  
At once I see it in the skies!

There thou appear'st to me the same  
As when, upon that mournful day,  
Thy spirit winged her flight away,  
Toward thy heavenly home.

Thy beauty, pure, affecting, gay,  
E'en to the skies hath with thee sped;  
And now those eyes which life once fled,  
With immortality do ray.

Still doth the am'rous breeze delight  
To raise thy long and flowing hair,  
And still upon thy bosom bare  
It falls in ebon tresses bright.

As when the early rays of light  
Burst through the gloomy veil of morn,  
So through these earthly shadows borne,  
Thine image seems more heavenly bright.

Night's heavy veil the sun unfolds,  
Then leaves it to be closed again;  
But nought know I of night's sad reign,  
For thou art shining in my soul.

'Tis thee I hear, 'tis thee I see;  
And wheresoe'er light finds a place,  
Reflected there I see thy face;  
The zephyr brings thy voice to me.

Whilst wrapt in sleep are all things here,  
If e'er I list the low wind's sigh,  
I think to hear thee closely by,  
Murmuring words sacred to mine ear.

When I regard those fires which strew  
Night's canopy afar,  
I think to see thee in each star  
Which pleases most my earnest view.

And if the breeze which sweeps me by  
With breath of flowers my senses greet,  
In all its odors richly sweet  
I recognize thy sigh.

It is thy hand which dries my tears,  
When sad and lonely I repair  
To pour forth secretly my prayer  
To him who ever sees and hears.

Thou watchest o'er me when I sleep—  
Thy wings in silence o'er me spread—  
And dreams within my spirit shed  
Come soft from thee, as shadows creep.

If, in my hours of gentle rest,  
Thy hand should break my earthly hold—  
Then, heavenly portion of my soul,  
I'd go to waken in thy breast.

Then, like two rays from morning sky,  
Like to two sighs on one breath borne,  
Our two souls should henceforward form  
But one, and I'd no longer sigh.

Newark, N. J., May, 1845.

## REMINISCENCES OF A COUNTRY CONGREGATION.

### THE LAST CHAPTER.

DIPPING my pen for the last chapter in these chronicles, I am saddened at the thought of closing the records that have been so pleasing to my own soul; but, again, I am cheered by the reflection that doubtless my readers will be gladdened by knowing that this is the end of the story.

"Our minister must be dismissed," has been said by many a parish, when, for the life of them, not one of the people could tell why. The words of heavenly grace have fallen with continued power from his pure and holy lips; his blameless life and godly conversation have been an ensample to the flock, and the very atmosphere has been fragrant with his piety

and his deeds of love; but the feeling has become general that *he must* be dismissed. This was not the feeling of the people towards Mr. Rogers; but I speak of it as no strange thing among country or city congregations, and there was just enough of this feeling with a few of Mr. Rogers' people to make it necessary for me, as a faithful historian, to record the facts. Besides, I find that these *chapters* are considered as personally applicable to more parishes than to the one in which I was reared; and more people have found themselves sitting for portraits than I ever thought of sketching.

Mr. Rogers might have staid with that peo-

ple to this day, had not the stern voice of duty called him to another sphere of usefulness; yet this call came at a moment when the unhallowed opposition of the few, by underground machination, had brought matters to such a pass that it was far more comfortable for him to be in a better place, than to be resisting the attacks, and watching the wiles of those who wanted to get him out of their way. It is curious to see how this disposition to drive away a pastor begins and grows. As it happened in our old congregation, so it happens often in others.

One day Mr. Rogers was sitting in his study, very busily engaged in preparing for the approaching Sabbath, when one of the most active members of the church called to see him. Mr. Gridley was very kindly received, and, notwithstanding the good pastor would have preferred to be uninterrupted, he urged his parishioner to take a seat, and very kindly asked after his own health and that of his family. Mr. G. sat down, but seemed to be uneasy; evidently something was on his mind, and he did not know how to get at it. The pastor again asked him if he was well, and this assured the parishioner that his disquietude was apparent, and he might as well be out with the cause. Twirling his hat between his knees and looking down on the floor, he at length mustered courage to begin, and once under way, he was compelled to proceed till he had made out a case. His communication was something after this sort:

"I never like to have anything on my mind against a man, without going to him and telling him of it."

"That is right," said Mr. Rogers, "the Gospel requires you to go to one who has offended you, and make known your feelings. What is the matter now?"

"Well," said Mr. Gridley, "I do not think it was right for you to preach about me as you did last Sunday, and it hurt my feelings very much. I have been distressed all the week, and I thought it was my duty to call and talk with you about it. I suppose you know well enough what I mean, and I need not be any more particular."

"Which sermon do you mean, Mr. Gridley, which you supposed had a special reference to yourself?"

"Why, the afternoon sermon, of course. It can hardly be that Mr. Rogers has forgotten it so soon. Everybody noticed it at the time, as I knew by their looks, and several have spo-

ken to me about it since. You spoke of people who go around stirring up strife, and trying to injure others, whom they have not the manliness to rebuke in public; and although it was generally understood that you meant me, I wanted to call and just say that your suspicions are altogether unfounded, and that I have never done anything of the kind. It was very hard for me to be thus pointed out before the whole congregation, and I am sure if you had known me better you would not have done it."

Mr. Rogers listened kindly to these observations, which were evidently made in very bad temper; and when farmer Gridley had made a full end of his complaints, the pastor deliberately remarked—

"It gives me pleasure to be able to say to you, Mr. Gridley, for your relief in this matter, that in writing the sermon to which you refer, and in preaching it, I never once, to my present recollection, *thought of you*. The instruction was general, but was designed to be applicable to all those whom the cont would fit; and you must allow me to say that I do not see how you could take it to yourself, and suppose that others applied it to you, unless there was some peculiar fitness in the truth for your case. Perhaps you can explain it."

No, he could not. He tried very hard, but he was fairly caught, and the most mortifying part of it was that he had been the means of revealing to Mr. Rogers the very thing he wished to deny, and he felt he must now be known, as having been secretly at work to undermine the influence of his pastor, while he was mean enough to deny it when his conduct was providentially brought to light. Now he could never forgive himself for the blunder he had made in going to Mr. Rogers; and, as men never forgive one whom they have injured, Mr. Gridley was his minister's enemy from that hour.

The mortified farmer, mad at himself, and more mad at his unoffending minister, went away with a fell and full purpose to do what he had long desired—to drive away Mr. Rogers. Thinking over the names of the people, to find those most likely to join him in this work of vengeance, he saw Mr. Vinton coming towards him, and it struck him in an instant that *there* was the very man for his purpose. Mr. V. was one of the oldest and most influential men in the congregation. He was more than sixty years of age, and for nearly forty years had been the leading man in

all matters of business. Previous to the settlement of Mr. Rogers, he had *ruled* the people; his opinion had been law, and his *counsel* was looked upon as commands, to be followed as a matter of course. The good, easy ministers who had preceded Mr. Rogers, meekly acquiesced in Mr. Vinton's measures, and thinking it less troublesome to let him have his own way than to attempt to oppose him or to make him keep his place, they had just let him go on according to his own notion; and as he was in the main judicious in his measures, no great harm was the consequence of his officiousness. But a new order of things came in, when the Rev. Mr. Rogers was set over that flock. He had a mind, and will, and way of his own; and while he rejoiced in the counsel and co-operation of all the good and the wise of his people, he did not, and would not, suffer any one else to take the reins in his hand, or assume to be the leader. So Mr. Vinton had to see his influence gradually waning. For some years it went on well enough, for he liked Mr. Rogers as well as the rest, and not until they differed in judgment, and Mr. V. found that the people would listen to the pastor's advice, and adopt the pastor's plans, and would not follow his own, did he begin to think that his day was over. In the great Bridge, or singing-school war, of which I gave a full account in one of these numbers, Mr. V. had taken hold with the minister, and their united influence had borne down all opposing forces. Had it been otherwise, the consequences of that struggle might have been more permanently disastrous. But in many minor matters Mr. Vinton had been compelled to see and to feel that the *power* was no longer in his hand; and *envy*, one of the most hateful passions of the human soul, took possession of his heart. He actually regarded his pastor as in his way. In meetings of the congregation for the transaction of secular business, he saw that if Mr. Rogers' opinions and wishes were known, they decided the question, whatever views *he* might entertain, and the fact was a source to him of incessant vexation and anxiety. He wanted to have it otherwise, but the fact that it was so, was the very obstacle in the way of remedy. He hated Mr. Rogers because the people revered and loved him, and because they were thus attached, it seemed absurd to think of making matters better for his purposes. But Mr. Vinton knew something of farmer Gridley's feelings, and, as he saw him driving up

in his two-horse wagon, he resolved at once to stop and have a talk. Mr. V. had a very pleasant way of speaking to people whom he wished to conciliate, and slacking his lines as he drew up to the farmer, he gave him the usual salutation with great cordiality, and they were soon leaning over the sides of their wagons in close conversation in the middle of the road. Mr. Gridley soon let out the result of his interview with the minister, giving as unfavorable a coloring as the thing would admit of, in respect to Mr. Rogers, and hinting that he was far from being satisfied with the explanation he had received. Here Mr. Vinton suggested that Mr. Rogers was generally understood in his allusions on the last Sunday, and it was not honest in him now to deny it, when a parishioner went to him in all frankness on the subject. The mortified farmer now began to take comfort. He had not thought that Mr. Rogers might have deceived him, but *here* was a hint that let him into the secret of the whole matter. Mr. Vinton followed up the impression that he had made, by suggesting that he thought the minister was altogether too overbearing and dictatorial—he would have everything *his* way or not at all—he would not seek advice, and when it was offered him, he would receive it in silence, and do as he pleased about it afterwards.

"For my part," said he, "though I have not mentioned the thing out of my own doors, I have pretty much made up my mind that it is nearly time for Mr. Rogers to look out for some other place. I don't like him as well as I used to, and I guess there's a good many who feel the same way."

"I do, for one," said the farmer, "and I have been sounding around a little to see how the land lies. Some of the folks think Mr. Rogers is just the best man that ever lived, and they would rather go with him than stay without him. The fact is, the more I talk about it, the more discouraged I get; and I never dared to say anything to you about it, for fear I should find you the strongest on Mr. Rogers' side."

"So you would, if you had talked to me some time ago, but lately my mind has been a good deal worried about it, and I have come to the conclusion that he will be more useful somewhere else. He is a man of talents, there's no denying that, and if he should go where the people are all united in him, he might do a great deal more good than he can do here. Let's talk the matter over among



the people, and see whether it is best to do anything about it. By the way, my wife was saying yesterday she wanted you and your wife to come to our house to tea. What's the reason you can't come over next week some day and see us? We will get some of the neighbors in, and then we can have some more talk about this matter, which, I tell you, is a very serious business."

Mr. Gridley agreed upon a day, and bidding his friend "good day," drove home with more of the devil in him than he had felt in a year. He hated his minister, and he had found somebody who sympathized with him in his wickedness, and this eased his conscience and deepened his guilt. It is a long step down hill, when a man convinces himself that he is doing God service in sin, or that others think he is.

The next week a party of disaffected ones, with their wives, talked of the matter over a cup of green tea at Mr. Vinton's, and when they separated it was with a very general determination that Mr. Rogers *ought to be dismissed*, though for what cause there was not one of them able to say. Not a wrong had he done one of them; not a slight had he put upon one of them or their children; he had visited them as often as he could consistently, though of course not as often as they would like to have him—and what minister ever did? and if it had been put to them to name any respectable ground of complaint against the pastor, they would have been dumb. But the people (they pretended to themselves), the people are getting tired of him; and what is the use of a minister's staying among a people after they are tired of hearing him preach? It's a great deal better for him to go somewhere else, and for them to have somebody else; both will be better off; and it's a great pity Mr. Rogers can't see it just as we do.

In this way the little clique of malcontents deceived themselves, and then set about deceiving others. In various parts of the congregation, and on every favorable occasion, they would drop remarks, the purport of which would be, to develop or implant a feeling of unkindness towards Mr. Rogers; thus pursuing a systematic and steady course of factious opposition, without the least ground for it, in truth or reason. Oftentimes we see the same course taken to get rid of a minister, when the only *crime* or rock of offence which can be laid against him, is that he is *GROWING OLD*.

"Is he not a good man?"

Oh, yes, he is one of the best men that ever lived.

"Is he not faithful to the people of his charge?"

Never was a shepherd more devoted, self-denying, and persevering.

"Are not his sermons sound and valuable, spiritual and edifying?"

He is one of the best preachers in the whole region of country.

"Are not souls converted, and is not the church strengthened under his ministry?"

Yes, hundreds have been added to the church while he has been the pastor, and the truth cannot be denied that we never had a man here who has been more successful than he as a minister; but his usefulness seems to be at an end; we have had no revival now for three or four years; he is getting dull and heavy, and the young people are not as well pleased with him as they should be, and on the whole we think it would be better for him and better for us that he should retire.

"But where shall he go? if he is too old to please you who have known and loved him so many years, is it to be supposed that he will be acceptable to a *new* people, who have had no previous attachments for him? will you turn him out, like a broken-down horse, to die by the way-side?"

There is no reply to this question. One of the wickedest cruelties ever perpetrated by a Christian people is this expulsion of a pastor because he is growing old. It is a common affair among the Hindoos, when their parents have become so old as to be infirm and helpless, to take them to the river-side, and leave them to perish, and sometimes in kindness they fill their throats with mud, and put them speedily out of misery. This is called *HEATHENISM*. But when a congregation has had a faithful pastor, who has spent the youth, and prime, and strength of his life in their service, employing his talents, which in another sphere would have made him independent, but in this have brought him no property to live on in his old age; I say, when a congregation drive away such a pastor and let him spend his old age in want or in anxious dependence on those who can ill afford to sustain him, the cruelty, inhumanity, and shame of the deed are not less offensive to God than the conduct of the poor heathen, who are "without natural affection," because they are without the Gospel which this Christian people have enjoyed, and whose minister they turn away, when the blossoms

of the grave begin to whiten on his venerable brow.

But it was not old age that could be laid to the charge of Mr. Rogers. He was in the vigor of life, perhaps forty-five years old, when the conspiracy was formed to eject him from the parish. He was as active, energetic, sound, discriminating, clear, and powerful in his sermons as ever, and as strong in the hearts of the people as at any previous period of his residence among them. And this the plotters found to their cost the moment they began to move. They commenced their operations by gently sounding this and that one, as occasion presented itself, to find on whom they could count when the time for open action should arrive. But it was wonderful to see what a storm they raised at the very onset of their underground career. The old elders rallied around their pastor as if he had been their father instead of being younger than most of them; and all through the congregation, as soon as it was known that there was a plan on foot to dismiss Mr. Rogers, his friends rose in such numbers and strength, and their devotion was manifested by such substantial evidences of sincerity, that it really seemed as if he ought to be thankful to his enemies for waking up his friends. But there were not a few who had found Mr. Rogers' strong doctrines and rigid views of Christian duty *irksome*; some had never forgotten hard feelings that were awakened when he crushed the opposition in the time of the singing-school snarl; some had views of liberty for young people in the way of dancing, and the like, that were not approved by Mr. Rogers, and which they could never gratify while his overshadowing influence was felt, and they were willing to join with the party who thought it expedient for Mr. R. to leave.

However it would please me to follow these men in their manœuvres, step by step, and expose the little artifices by which they sought to alienate the hearts of the congregation, it will lead me into a longer chapter than I could give, and I must content myself with merely stating the results. After the work of undermining had gone on for six months, it was thought that the time had come for a public meeting, to take into consideration the state of the congregation. This was resolved upon, after no little fear and trembling on the part of the conspirators, and accordingly the people assembled by notice on the Sabbath

day. On the day appointed there was a large attendance of the congregation; many who for years had retired from active service in the church were constrained by a strong sense of duty to be on the ground, to do their part in the hour of trial; and to show by their votes and voices that they were the friends of their friend. The subject was then maturely discussed, and the question proposed for decision whether or not it was expedient that the relation between Mr. Rogers and his people should be dissolved. When a vote was taken it was found that an overwhelming majority were in favor of Mr. Rogers; especially was this true of the members of the church as distinct from the members of the congregation, or those not professors of religion. The piety of the people was with the pastor. Never was a clearer fact. The elders of the church, almost to a man, stood by him like pillars, and wavered not when the storm raged the fiercest, and men's hearts were failing them for fear. Some of them never knew till that day how dear their pastor was, and they then resolved that, come what might, they would never give him up to gratify his enemies. Thus ended the first meeting. It strengthened the hands of Mr. Rogers, but did not encourage his heart. It showed him that he had the people on his side, and that he could not be overthrown; but he knew enough of human nature to understand that his opponents having now given public expression to their dissatisfaction and desire of change, would be more active, unscrupulous, and bitter than ever; and consequently that his situation must be more and more uncomfortable. This he found to be the fact in his immediate and ultimate experience. His words and actions were misconstrued and misrepresented; his motives were often impugned; his good was evil spoken of; his very looks and motions were watched and made the theme of ungenerous remark; he was charged with visiting at this house more than at that; of showing his partiality in various ways, as if it were a crime in him to love the society of his friends more than that of his foes; and thus watched by such eyes with such spectacles, it is not strange that every week furnished some new theme for scandal, or that the ingenuity of enemies should invent occasion when none could be discovered. This was not the state of things that the soul of Mr. Rogers could dwell in. Providence had not formed him for enjoyment in the midst of strife, and he had aspirations after

usefulness and improvement that could not be realized among a people distracted and contending.

I believe I have never mentioned the scholastic tastes and attainments of this excellent man, yet my readers will not have failed to perceive that he had a mind of high cultivation and of well-developed and disciplined powers. His early education had been highly finished, and during the years of pastoral duty which had elapsed, he had never suffered his knowledge of elegant literature to pass away. Rather had he, by diligent industry, followed the leadings of his early tastes, and made progress in ancient and modern learning; so that it was impossible for him *not* to be known among his ministerial acquaintances as a man of letters. And as Providence had not fashioned him for dwelling contentedly in the midst of turmoil and confusion, so now it opened another door of usefulness to which he was led by all the indications necessary to make plain his duty to enter. He sought counsel of his faithful elders, and of his neighboring brethren, and after much prayer and consultation, he came to the conclusion to seek a release from his engagements to his flock. It was a sad hour to many when this was announced from the pulpit. There was weeping over all the church. Those who had been instrumental in bringing about this result, and who had often expressed a desire for it to come, *now* felt that it was a solemn business to part a pastor from his people, and *perhaps* they should have to give an account for what they had done when they should come to stand before the Judge of quick and dead.

Others, who had stood by their minister through evil and good report, could not be reconciled to the dispensation. They looked upon it as a triumph of his enemies, and said they knew it never would have happened but for the opposition that had been made, and they would not consent on any terms to the dismission. When the "opposition" saw the state of feeling, they made haste to lay down the weapons of their rebellion. They were willing to unite with the other party (or rather with the people), in a request that Mr. Rogers would reconsider his determination, and still remain with the congregation where he had been so long and eminently useful. But this was repentance too late. It is a dangerous experiment for a pastor to come back to a people from whom he has parted with divided

feelings: still more hazardous is it for him to *stay* after the opposition is organized and a decided stand assumed, and he has once yielded to its power. Then they have learned their strength; they feel that they can never enjoy the pastor's confidence again, and of course they can never *cordially* sustain him. They are ready on the slightest occasion to make war, and nothing can be looked for but repeated contention and trouble. Mr. Rogers knew all this, and having marked out his line of duty, was not easily to be tempted to take any steps backward. He told them plainly that there were reasons altogether independent of their difficulties why he should prefer to enter upon the new field of labor that opened before him, and when he considered the divided state of the congregation, he thought it for their interest to have a pastor in whom they could all unite, and who might be more useful than *he* had ever been. He therefore resisted all their entreaties to reconsider his intentions, and announced his fixed purpose to bid them farewell.

To one who has read this chapter it would be a curiosity to see the *resolutions* which were now adopted, *UNANIMOUSLY*, by the old congregation, expressive of their ardent attachment to their pastor, their great regret in parting with him, and their fervent desires for his future happiness. This and his farewell sermon, which came in connection with these resolutions, were the closing scenes in this drama, and Mr. Rogers, after nearly twenty years of most unremitting and laborious service, retired from the field. How many were the changes that had passed over that people since he came among them! He had buried nearly one generation; those who were children when he came there had now grown to be the active members of the congregation; and many who were then pillars had fallen. It was then a melancholy duty to resign such a charge, but he had the blessed satisfaction of knowing that he had delivered his soul of the blood of his people; that he had declared the whole counsel of God, and that he had been the means of turning many to righteousness, whom he hoped to see again in the diadem of his Redeemer. There were floods of tears, and many hearts that would, but could not, weep when Mr. Rogers took his leave. Those who had been converted under his preaching, and those who had grown up with him, and in fact it was hard to say which class more than another, clung to him as to a dying fa-



ther, when the time of final separation came. Such ties ought never to be sundered. The pastoral relation, like the marriage bond, should bind till death doth part. Unfaithfulness on the part of the pastor or people may render a divorce expedient and justifiable, but the unfaithfulness is criminal, and great is the responsibility which they incur who stir up strife in a happy and united congregation, and render the removal of the pastor a matter of necessity, with all its disastrous and deplorable results.

If we should follow this people a few years farther on in their history, we should find the living and terrible consequences of driving away a minister. No sooner had Mr. Rogers been dismissed than the people began to look out for a successor. Two parties were formed, mainly divided by the same lines as in the last war; and the man whom one party took a fancy to, was sure to be opposed by the other. And however desirable the man might be who should secure a majority of voices in his favor, he could not be expected to accept a call in the face of a most determined and powerful opposition. The meetings that were called to discuss and determine the merits of rival candidates for the pulpit, were stormy, and dreadful in their influence on the feelings of those engaged in them. Bitter and lasting alienations among *friends* were the fruits. In fact, it went on from bad to worse, until persons of the same family connection were divided, and unhappy controversies were engendered, the extent of which, of course, could never be known. At last, after many trials, a man was found who expressed his willingness to accept a call made out by a part of the congregation, notwithstanding the protest of a very large minority. More than half of the church-members were opposed to his settlement; nearly the whole bench of elders requested him not to accept the call, and an earnest written remonstrance was laid before the ecclesiastical body that was convened to instal him. But he had a majority of votes in his favor, and he hoped to overcome the opposition by fidelity and wisdom. I cast no censure on him. He meant it for good, and doubtless thought it would be a blessed thing to succeed in restoring harmony to a distracted people. But he failed. The opposition embarrassed him, so that he could not even do himself justice. Sometimes he scarcely knew what he was about when he went into the pulpit, so distressed was he at the thought,

that a large portion of his hearers were wishing him a thousand miles away. On one occasion he gave out his text from the "Gospel according to Acts," and proceeded with his sermon without perceiving his blunder; a fact which shows the confusion of mind he often experienced when coming before his people. He stayed but a little while and left. Then the battle was to be fought over again. And stoutly fought it was. Another and another was called, and one minister would stay awhile and then quit, and then another would try. Some of the people wrote to Mr. Rogers and begged him to come back, assuring him that he and he only could make a permanent peace. He did return to labor a little season with them, and they hung on his lips as if an angel had come down from heaven, but his duties would not suffer him to entertain the thought of again resuming the charge of that once happy and still interesting people.

Years have now rolled away, and God has been pleased to bless them with faithful pastors, whose labors have been attended with the Holy Spirit, and the wounds of former years have been in a great measure healed. I do not believe that the congregation has ever recovered fully from the dissensions and distractions that followed Mr. Rogers' removal, but many of the actors in those scenes have passed away, and the furrows of division have been overgrown, so that a stranger's eye would not detect the marks of former ruin. But God has marked them and will never forget. Whosoever offends one of his people must answer for it; and the day of reckoning hastens on.

And now I leave these reminiscences; grateful to those who have followed me through the series which has grown upon my hands far beyond my original intention, while many things which I purposed to record have been overlooked in the haste with which I have often been compelled to pursue the history. Mingled melancholy and pleasure have been mine, as I have followed the wanderings of my heart among the scenes of childhood and youth; and when the forms of those dear to me then have returned, it has been with a sadness that I can hardly dare to speak of here; so many of them are gone, to come back never. I must be growing old. Those who were young when I was young are growing old; I see it in their looks, and they tell me so. It must be so with me. I ought to know it, if it be true.



"Naught treads so silent as the foot of time,  
Hence we mistake our autumn for our prime.  
'Tis greatly wise to know before we're told  
The melancholy truth that we are growing  
old."

Shall I ever go back again and renew the associations which for so many years have been sundered? Should I find many, or any there, who would greet me as an ancient friend, and welcome me back again to the scenes of earlier days? Aye, well do I know that *some* have not forgotten me, and I would love to meet them and talk of days long gone, and feel young again when the scenes of youth were thus revived on the tablets of an unforgetting heart.

But youth is gone, and childish things are put away. The stern hand of *DUTY* urges us

on in life's great work. It would be vastly pleasant to be ever young, and never feel the pressure of the o'ermastering hand of *duty* in the toils that manhood brings. But this is not our rest—

"*There's rest in heaven.* I'd wish to live  
So that my tomb might tell,  
The highest praise that friends could give,  
That I had labored well."

It may be, doubtless it will be, that those friends of my youth will be met no more on earth, but there is joy in the thought, that with Abraham, and Isaac, and Jacob, the redeemed of the Lord shall meet, and go no more out for ever. In that CONGREGATION, kind readers, may we all be found!

## LETTERS TO YOUNG MEN.

BY A. D. EDDY, D. D.

### INFIDELITY—ITS CHARACTERISTICS.

THE ardent, active, and aspiring minds of the young often fancy honor and dignity in breaking from the guidings of experience, and the restraints of tried principles. They would seem to doubt often the fixed laws of mind, and moral rectitude, and wholly confound truth with error, and obliterate all traces of moral law and obligation. But to them even there is no dignity in doubting and rejecting the eternal landmarks of truth, and no stability nor safety to the mind when once loosed from the safe moorings of established and ultimate facts. Brief, unstable, gloomy and terrific has been the reign of scepticism, and every ardent mind that has broken away from the sphere of legitimate investigation, has become as the meteor of the night or the star stricken from its way and lost to the binding harmony of its native system. There are as fixed laws in the kingdom of mind and morals as in nature and providence, and there is no more safety to the soul in violating or resisting them; than amid the wild confusion of disordered and dissolving nature.

Nor is there peace, or honor, or successful

enterprise, at any time, in the system of infidelity. It has even bewildered, deceived and disgraced, while leading on to sure and rapid destruction. Such are its uniform characteristics, that no one can be deceived who carefully considers its nature and its issues.

*Infidelity is distinguished for its unblushing ignorance.*—It boasts of no essential truth, lives in the denial of all fixed principle, rather than in the permanent establishment even of error. It decides early, rashly, and without evidence. Infidels become such almost invariably while young, while unaccustomed to reflection or reading, and unable from maturity of mind to decide on the validity of argument. From this early enlistment, they become not inquirers after truth, investigating its claims, but enter at once on the war of aggression on the province of truth, or boldly defend its conflicting system; and while seeking arguments for defence, they are unfitted to examine and receive the truth. Hence infidelity almost uniformly recruits her ranks from the ignorant and uneducated classes of society. And even in the few cases where there has been in-

tellectual cultivation, there has existed at the same time, the most unpardonable ignorance of the principles and defence of the Christian system. It has held on its steady and unholy course of denying, where it could not disprove. Had the enemies of the Gospel studied the system of Christianity with one half the industry that its friends have studied infidelity, they would have easily sundered the bonds of their own ignorance, and yielded to the claims of the Gospel. I am well aware that infidel philosophy has sought enthronement in the pride of intellect, arrogating to herself the clearest minds and the most profound investigation. "It is admitted," says Dr. Dwight, "that many infidels have been ingenious men; that some have been learned men; and that a few of them have been great men. Hume, Tindal, and a few others, have been distinguished for superior strength of mind; Bolingbroke, for eloquence of pen; Voltaire, for brilliancy of imagination; and various others for respectable talents of different kinds. But I am unable to form a list of infidels, who can, without extreme disadvantage, be compared with the Bacons, Erasmus, Cumberland, Stillingfleet, Grotius, Locke, Butler, Newton, Boyle, Berkeley, Milton, Johnson, &c. In no walks of genius, in no path of knowledge, can infidels support a claim to superiority or equality with Christians."

Will you point to PAINE, whose defence of American principles all admire, and before whose sceptical productions the whole land has trembled, and say here is intellect? I will refer you to the same example, and remind you that when Paine wrote in the defence of our civil economy in the pride of his life, and the clearness of his reason, it was then that he wrote and reasoned in behalf of the Christian religion. And that it was not till debauchery had diseased his frame, dissoluteness enfeebled and deranged his mind, and political defeat soured and intimidated his spirit, that he renounced the truth, and made a wreck of all his giant powers in low and ignorant scurrility against God, and his Son, our Saviour. And the vulgar ravings of his last hours are fearful as spectres of darkness.

Modern infidelity has not even the show of learning and intelligence, with which it once, in revolutionary phrenzy, traversed the continent of Europe, waded the waters of the ocean, and made its assaults upon the land of our fathers. If it now presents itself in the gaudy trappings of continental Europe, it ap-

pears in the shallowness and fickleness of its origin, supported only by the miserably arranged defences of older times; not one new thought, or new mind of highest order, to enforce its claims. If it rises from England, its connections are too gross, vulgar and ignorant, to admit the least respect. And where, in all our land, has infidelity one living advocate of intellectual eminence? Do you urge the example of Jefferson? You will admit that he argues without reason, and decides without evidence, and that in his own country, and among his own friends, the other productions of his splendid and versatile mind cannot be sustained under that heavy load, that moral incubus, which his vulgar attack on Christianity has bound upon them. Of revealed truth and the entire Christian system, Jefferson was confessedly ignorant, and his experiments in infidelity are a solemn lesson to every young adventurer.

*Infidelity is as disingenuous as it is ignorant.*—It attributes to Christianity what in no sense belongs to her, and borrows its sole excellence from what she has achieved. It would make religion responsible for the very evils it came to cure, and demands credit for the maxims of wisdom and precepts of virtue which it has stolen from the treasures of sacred truth. It seizes on the lamentable remains of its own principles in the society of Christians, traces out their immoral and agitating influence, till they convulse the church and the world, and then charges the result upon the truth. Like the Roman emperor, firing the city, that he might accuse and destroy the Christians, it kindles to a flame the malign passions, till virtue withers and all comfort dies, and then charges it upon piety. Thus crusades, intolerance, persecution, bigotry, and bloodshed, arising from the clashings of infidelity with the elements of Christian holiness, have been thrown upon the Gospel; while all that infidelity embodies of wisdom and knowledge respecting the human soul and futurity, of duty and social obligation, of virtue and political integrity, are surreptitiously borrowed from the Gospel. And to free herself from obligation, and to claim, without fear of detection, the exclusive right to her stolen honors, she has sought to destroy the Bible, and thus bury in oblivion the fountain of truth and virtue.

*Infidelity is scurrilous, gross, and vulgar.*—Its leading characters have almost uniformly been low and grovelling. Few exceptions

there may be, and these were among its disciples. Their intercourse has nothing of noble, refined, and elevated carriage. If controlled for a season, by office or society, where are found blending some traces of Christian virtue, and obliged to assume the semblance of chasteness and honor, all has soon died away, when these restraints were removed.

In their intercourse with the world, infidels generally have been coarse and rude, often obtrusive and insolent. They seem utter strangers to the manliness of virtue, and the acknowledged civilities of common life, and to have not only blunted their moral sensibilities, but to have lost all susceptibility for the finer feelings of human nature and the endearing sympathies of social life. There is no department of society but infidelity invades with rudeness. Sparing not its own circle—not even its very fireside; it blinds the eye of domestic discernment and blasts the heart of conjugal and parental love. It turns the light of life and the sweets of home to gloom and bitterness, and would make loathsome as the Augean stable, the very garden of God.

The public discussions of infidelity are known to all. Where is there a solitary work, whose pages are pure, from which breathes the spirit of honorable, dignified, and chaste discussion?

*Infidelity is ever unstable, having no fixed and permanent character.*—It presents no well ordered and received principles. It lives in the denial of every system, rather than in defence of its own. It spreads by warring upon all truth, instead of establishing any. No two of its champions or disciples are found to agree, and no one remains permanent in his own faith for a day. What one advances, another denies. What is professed and defended to-day, is to-morrow recalled and denounced. Scepticism, infidelity, deism, and atheism tread rapidly on each other, till nothing is left in the universe but cold and cheerless uncertainty, where the mind, in everlasting restlessness, is thrown upon itself, ever changing and never satisfied.

Infidelity is equally unstable and changing in its ideas of truth and attacks upon religion. At one time it praises the precepts of the Gospel, and soon denounces the whole. Now it calls in the aid of its motives, and in a moment denies their existence. At one time abjuring revelation and extolling natural religion; at another it rejects both, and falls back to dark and unchanging uncertainty. "In embracing

such a philosophy, what resting-place for the mind? What safety for the soul? To infidels it has plainly furnished none. They have retreated and wandered from one residence to another, and have thus proved that they have discovered no place where they could permanently and comfortably abide. You must feel even more unsettled. You feel that you are rational and immortal, and your interests are therefore immense and inestimable, and that an effectual provision for these demands will repay every care and every exertion. To a mind thus circumstanced, uncertainty is corroding and intolerable, and from a system thus fluctuating, nothing but uncertainty can be gained or hoped. Wretched must be the condition of that mind, which, laboring with intense anxiety to discover a peaceful rest for an unsatisfied conscience, and a final home at the close of a weary pilgrimage, finds within the horizon of its view, nothing but a structure built of clouds, variable in its form, and shadowy in its substance, gay, indeed, with a thousand brilliant colors, and romantic with all the fantastical diversities of shape, but bleak, desolate, and incapable of being inhabited."

*Infidelity is inconsistent as it is unstable.*—It is inconsistent with itself. Having no fixed character or permanent principles of action, it is ever engaged in demolishing with one hand what it has erected with the other. At one and the same time, it praises Christianity for the purity of its precepts, and undermines the very spirit of obedience. It has extolled these heavenly lessons, while it committed to the flames the volume that contained them, and swore to exterminate every vestige of its influence. It has allowed Jesus Christ to be the perfection of moral excellence, while it rejected the principles upon which that excellence was formed, even denied that the Saviour ever existed at all. It has acknowledged his worth and glory, and soon in madness cried, "*crush the wretch!*" It has paid the same respect to the apostles of Christ, to the purity of their lives, the extent of their benevolence, at the same time waging an exterminating war against them and the cause they sustained. It has obtruded its system of natural religion, "declaring it, in strong and solemn terms, a system of duties indispensable; that men are wholly accountable for the discharge of them, and that according to the fulfilment or neglect

\* Dr. Dwight.

and that according to the fulfilment or neglect of them, they would be judged and rewarded; yet they have sapped the foundation of this whole system, by undermining moral obligation, and removing guilt from sin." Infidelity has denied the existence of truth, yet asserted its value; it has ridiculed Divine providence, yet trembled before it; it has rejected God and the Saviour, and in the hour of peril and the pains of death, owned the being of the one and implored the mercy of the other.

*Infidelity has ever been immoral, debasing, and cruel.*—It has thrown off all salutary restraints, and opposes no checks to the passions of men. It abandons the whole human family to the dominion of brutal instinct and lust; avowing, as the leading principle of its system, that all control of native passion is undemanded violence to our constitution, and a barrier to the highest good of society. It has boldly asserted that virtue lies in the indulgence of desire; and that true wisdom consists in seeking the gratification of the passions. Hume says, that "self-denial, self-mortification, and humility, are not virtues, but are useless and mischievous, and that adultery must be practised if we would obtain all the advantages of life." Another infidel has said, "that all men and women were unchaste, and that there is no such thing as conjugal fidelity;" and another still declares, "man may get all things if he can."

These are the precepts of infidel philosophy. And how can safety, morality and virtue here live? Have they ever lived in the society of infidels? As to private character, infidels are just what might be expected from these principles. Lewdness has been their common sin. "The great infidel circle of France had not virtue enough to be married men," and together they sank to the beastliness of Sodom.

Infidelity, not satisfied with sundering all the bonds of public and private virtue, rudely assails the social state, even to its domestic retirement, leaving nothing safe and sacred even here. "That the highest ends of life may be attained," infidelity, loathsome in adultery and corruption, levelling the Sabbath, burning the Bible, denying eternity, blotting out the fear and belief of God, is prepared to walk through the land in blood, and waste its fair fruits and tender plants, and in the name of pride and lust, seat itself on the grave of all our hopes. Having sundered the bonds of moral obligation, it throws man a monster and a vampire on his race, dissolves his arrange-

ments of order, revolutionizes his government, and drives out upon the open fields in promiscuous crowds, rational men, as herds of brutes, instinct only for the purposes of ravage and lust. And when every retreat of domestic life is desolate, all rights of private possession discarded, the system of indiscriminate plunder and bloodshed is opened, all sinews of government are relaxed, and the last authority of law torn away, a nation lies weltering in its own blood, imploring refuge in iron-hearted despotism. This is infidelity in its private, social, and civil relations.

*Infidelity has uniformly been unsuccessful and false in its promises, yet ever arrogant and boastful.*—It has pledged to enthralled mankind light, liberty, and happiness. Preferring the evils of the world to its systems of religious faith, the uncertainty and fearfulness of the future to the power of superstition, it has vowed to exterminate Christianity, and redeem the world. With these pledges, infidelity has entered on her work, and what has she done? "Fired and maddened by the recital of what twelve men had accomplished, in overthrowing idolatry and planting the Christian religion, she has sworn to exterminate the name of Jesus, and to erase the last vestige of his truth." Infidels have indeed burnt the Bible, demolished the Sabbath, and attempted to silence the worship of God. But is this success? Christianity still lives, enlarging and beautifying her dominion, and multiplying as the stars the worshippers of God. Though proclaiming there is no God, no religion, and no divinity in nature and providence, yet nature rolls on, unfolding new evidence of her Author, kindling the hopes of glory, and confirming in millions of souls the faith of Christ. Civil government rises on the ruins of revolutionary phrenzy; law and order are restored; the domestic economy lives in holy endearment; private right is sacred still; conjugal fidelity, natural and chaste affection, are still spreading and still loved. Infidelity is unsuccessful and false. She redeems not a solitary pledge. She leaves her victims shorn of virtue and abandoned of hope, and pours upon them in the conflict of death the horrors of darkness and despair; shrinking from the very terrors at which she once laughed, now realized in all the power and terror of their immortal nature.

And yet no defeat, no disgrace or terror disrobes her, of her native character. She is arrogant still. Assuming the freshness and



vigor of a new resurrection, she claims all that is promising, high-minded, spirited, magnanimous, and learned, obtruding upon the world the sole effectual method of realizing human perfectibility here, and of rising to the highest glories of a spiritual life.

*Infidelity is at war with all the analogies of nature and providence.*—It has not only to meet the Bible, but the cloudless exhibitions of truth as drawn on the heavens and the earth. It may close the pages of the Gospel, or profanely commit it to the flames, but it has no power to quench the glories of the skies, to arrest the march of Providence, or close for a moment the fountains of exuberant goodness.

Infidelity may deny the existence of God, and yet the mind, carried irresistibly over creation, and along the line of providence, everywhere reads the lessons of an all-pervading and Almighty Agent. It may deny the existence of sin, and yet beholds on every object the traces of apostasy, and with deep consciousness responds the very lessons of a disordered and groaning creation. It may sport with the idea of suffering or of good, from the sin or holiness of others, and yet it lives on past parental suffering and kindness, or pines and dies beneath causes started in ages gone. It may trifle with the laws of retribution and justice, and the demands of vicarious suffering, beyond what repentance and reformation can secure, and yet it meets everywhere the fruit of its crime in the re-actings of nature's outraged and offended laws, and sinks to death beneath self-inflicted tortures, which no tears of sorrow, no reform of life can heal. The laws of nature and providence move on, rewarding the obedient, and abandoning to wretchedness the offender, pointing to the immutable truth of God, "the wicked shall not go unpunished." Infidelity may trifle with the resurrection of man, and yet the alternations of the seasons roll round, and decayed nature, clothed in fresh beauties, preaches the possibility, if not the certainty, of another life. The sceptic may ridicule the eternity of his own being, yet nature, indestructible in every element, reads to his eye the lesson of immortality, and amid all his suicidal efforts to annihilate the consciousness of responsible and undying being, a living, reigning, and restless spirit speaks within, and loudly warns of judgment and of hell.

*Infidelity is directly at war with the fulfilled prophecies of the Bible, and with the genuine and authentic history of the world.*—The

leading facts of the Bible stand prominent on the face of the earth, and in the history of the world, as clearly as her rivers, her seas, and her everlasting hills. And the wonders of Divine redemption, in the life and labors, the sufferings and death of its Author, with the high and successful career of his Apostles, are facts to which history, both sacred and profane, have alike fixed their sanction. And in these facts, so attested, are found accomplished the prophecies of near six thousand years, while countless events are now transpiring just as predicted, to fortify the truth of God, and fix immutably the faith of man in prophecy yet unfolded.

This is the character, and these the difficulties of infidel philosophy. This is the substitute she brings you for the fruits of a Divine Christianity. And between them you are to choose; and with the aspirations of unchastened passion and the ardor of youth, I beg you not to decide till you have well compared these clashing systems of truth and error. In this morning of life you are not to look above upon the fast-fleeing clouds, letting down upon you the full sun-tide of all your hopes in a moment; but estimate the dignity of your being by its opening faculties, its duration, its probable and prospective relations and destiny. What will you need for after life and for eternity? And what, turning from cheerless infidelity, does the Gospel promise, and what has it actually and often secured? It is the wisdom of God, and comes to enlighten; it has nothing disingenuous, it assumes nothing but its legitimate rights; it charges upon sin only its necessary fruits, and demands for virtue and religion nothing but its own intrinsic excellence and rewards. Christianity is pure, chaste, and refined. It meets its enemies in the mildness of mercy and the tenderness of love. You there meet the most genuine refinement of feelings, of manners, and the fairest examples of true dignity and nobleness. Christianity has a fixedness and permanence of character. She proffers her benefits upon immutable conditions; pronounces on all offenders the same unerring judgment, and holds on her steady and uniform course of grace and truth, consistent and sanctifying. In its lengthened and blended history, its variety of parts, long succession of ages and authors, combining to raise its imperishable structure, it presents harmony, symmetry and beauty, unity of design and effect, reflection on the past and development of the future, incompar-

able and Divine. With its pure morality and unearthly kindness, it repairs and saves the soul, rebinds sundered society in harmony, and makes of disordered nations the peaceful and happy families of Jesus Christ. It throws into the human constitution, fortitude that no perils can disarm or death dismay; and faithful to all its promises, and realizing the fondest hope, ten thousands have lived and died in the glory of its faith. In harmony with na-

ture and providence, borrowing proof of her divinity from an alliance with the Author of Creation, Christianity realizes to the soul the promises of mercy, and converts this world of sin and death to the predicted consummation of the kingdom of Jesus Christ.

In the glories of this kingdom, I would call you to share, through faith, implicit and sincere, in the truth, revealed and attested, of the Gospel of the grace of God.

### OUR FAMILY.—No. I.

THE faithful and simple annals of many a family, if spread before intelligent and thoughtful readers, would excel in interest the records of kingdoms, and eclipse the historic pomp of dynasties. There is primeval sanctity, simplicity and beauty, belonging to the family institution and relations; a naturalness and spontaneity of mutual affection that is like the gushing of springs, the swelling and bursting of flower-buds, and the bubble of rivulets leaping from the hill-sides, and seeming almost to laugh as they stretch away into the meadows and green fields, playing with breezes and dancing sunbeams. As we pass out of the family into the State, we observe a grander and more stately movement, but a movement artificial, mechanical, constrained, and heavy. The order of the family is the product of love. The order of the State the result of law. The latter is the answer to a commandment—the former the answer to an impulse. Family order is the growth and development of loving natures, mingling as they expand. Order in the commonwealth is mutual abstinence from encroachment. This defines and separates individual interests and guarantees their independence; that fuses and blends them, and guarantees their union.

For one to attempt the annals of his own family would seem, on first thought, scarcely practicable. Partiality and egotism, it might be feared, would too often warp such a history. But the same objection lies against almost all history and all biography. Who ever wrote the history of his own country without a bias in its favor? Who ever drew the biography of an individual he loved or admired without making even his "frailties lean to

virtue's side?" The utility and interest of auto-biography is not commonly questioned by literary authorities; and surely as much may be claimed without immodesty, for the reminiscences of our family by one of its members, which is attempted in this and a few following numbers.

Of the origin of our family, little need be said. We trace its unpretending record in the paternal line back to the calamitous times and scenes of St. Bartholomew, and find our name honored with a place among those who were counted worthy to suffer for the cause of truth, and were forced to wander from their own beautiful but infatuated France, in quest not of clemency merely, but of life itself. We refer to it as our privilege and honor, that we can look to ancestral examples of principled suffering, and listen to ancestral voices maintaining truth when truth was in disgrace. A drop of such blood in our veins elevates us more than would a whole heartful of it that had coursed through a hundred generations of kings. On the maternal side also, our family has inherited pious memories and holy examples and prayers. The family altar has stood more than a hundred years, and the sacred lamp of religion, though sometimes dimly burning, has never gone out. Blessed memories crowd thickly the vista of the past; and hallowed influences, like incense, permeate the places whence our fathers departed. The Old Family Bible still lies on the stand; it is, to be sure, a good deal worn by long and constant use, but it is legible, and the associations belonging to it are precious. Eyes long since dimmed by death, have searched as for hid treasures all these chapters and verses. Manna

for the soul has been gathered here fresh every morning. Scarcely a page we open to, that has not been moistened with tears of penitence or of overpowering joy. Scarcely a chapter in the book that has not its marked passages, its underscored words and sentences. Here are the precepts that guided their youth; here the promises upon which rested their faith and hope; there the counsels that relieved their perplexity; the examples that illustrated their duty; the consolations that cheered them in afflictive and gloomy days; the words of grace that strengthened them against temptation; and the assurance of a blessed immortality that supported them in dying, and flung light through all the valley of the shadow of death.

With worldly wealth our family, as far back as memory runneth, has never been encumbered. Each succeeding generation has learned the use of its hands by being obliged to employ them. Its average condition has been one of comfort, but want has only been averted by effort; not greater effort, however, than was favorable to virtue; and one of the lessons constantly taught has been the close connection between honest industry and elevated piety. The experience of several generations assures us that it is better to earn our bread than to inherit it. The son has presented to the father no claim for temporal possessions, and generally it has been felt that the parents had discharged their duty when they had conferred a good education, a Christian training, and the knowledge of some useful and decent employment. From our condition in life, and not less from our own choice, our associations have been with the middle class of society, and we have found such association the most favorable to personal virtue and happiness, and we may add, to effective usefulness among our fellow-men. The wisdom of the prayer of Agur, "Grant me neither poverty nor riches," has often won our admiration, as we hope it has also our entire acquiescence. So often and so faithfully have we been taught that contentment with what we have, be it much or little, is itself true wealth, that we should have been dull learners indeed, had we yet to discover its truth.

All this which we have been saying, may sound very much like self-complacency and family pride. We trust better feelings have dictated the record. We speak of the goodness of our departed ones to the praise of Divine grace, which alone made them what they

were, and in illustration of our debt of gratitude. O, who can estimate extravagantly the worth of ancestral prayers and counsels! or duly prize the gentle and gracious influences of their lives that linger around the hearth-stone and the altar of home; that tarry so long to bless us, and that, like a stream of soft and holy light, stretching from the cell in which they once were enclosed to the heaven they have entered, shows us the path to glory, and allures us upward. We cannot resist the impression too, that there exists a mysterious connection, a nearness and a sympathy unspeakably tender, of the departed pious with the loved ones whom they have left behind, struggling with the storms of life. Why is it, that in our twilight musings, or our midnight solitude, a presence and a power is there unseen but felt, unheard but recognized, we scarcely know how, that mingles itself with our thoughts, and summons from the cells of memory images that had faded, and events long forgotten? Why is it that the prodigal son in his wanderings feels the soft and shadowy hand of a departed mother pressing him back, and sees her sad, mild eye, filled with sorrowing remonstrance, gazing down upon him? After long years of prayerlessness and neglect of the ways of God, has the transgressor never found himself suddenly taken back in spirit to the once happy family circle, gathered around the patriarch father, while he read the word of life, and on bended knees presented his household before God for a blessing. Do not the very words and tones of the pious old man become almost audible again, and does not the whole scene seem vivid and fresh as an event of yesterday? Is it any violent supposition, that the spirit of the departed pious who loved us and longed for our salvation, may be permitted thus to recal us to a sense of duty, and to the remembrance of alighted mercies?

We have been greatly entertained and instructed with the Reminiscences of a Country Congregation, as they have appeared from time to time in the Parlor Magazine. Admirable illustrations of the simplicity and integrity of the "olden time" have been given by them; and it is hoped a similar service may be rendered to the cause of truth and of domestic education and discipline, by the family examples which the following chapters of this article will have occasion to portray.

NEPOS.

## GERARDIA, OR FALSE FOX-GLOVE.

(SEE ENGRAVING.)

CLASS Didynamia.—Order Angiospermia. Natural order of Jussieu, Scrophularineæ.

The systematic name is *Gerardia flava*. *Gerardia* is given it in honor of John Gerarde, commonly called "the Old English Herbalist," a celebrated cultivator of exotic plants. The species, *flava* (*flavus*), receives its name from the bright yellow color of the flowers.

*Generic Character*.—Calyx five-cleft or five-toothed: coral somewhat bell-form, divided into five unequal lobes; divisions rounded, incurved; tube inflated; capsule opening at the top when mature.

*Specific Character*.—Stem pubescent, having few branches or none; leaves opposite, sessile, or having very short foot-stalks; lanceolate, entire or toothed; lower ones sub-pinnatifid, gashed; flowers axillary, opposite, but approaching to one side of the stalk before blossoming; peduncle very short. Flowers of a bright yellow color, like gold or the ripe

ears of Indian corn; blossoms from the middle of June to the middle of August. It is really a beautiful flower, growing in openings in woods; from two to three feet high.

*Properties*.—The *Gerardia* is not used as an article of medicine. The Scrophularineæ is a rather suspicious order. Many of the plants which compose it are acrid, bitter, and poisonous. Some possess cathartic and even emetic properties. The *Digitalis*, or true Fox-glove, is very powerful and highly dangerous in its effects. The powdered leaves, whether taken in substance or in the form of an extract or a tincture, produce vomiting, dejection, and excessive faintness; they increase some of the secretions, diminish the force and frequency of the pulse to an astonishing extent, and even cause death. Some others are also powerful—and others again are harmless; and one, the *Mimulus Guttatus*, is eaten as salad.

## ATTEMPT TO CAPTURE GENERAL WASHINGTON.

On what slight and often unseen and silent causes depend frequently the history and fate of empires! Influences the most trivial and transient in appearance, that excite no alarm or even attention, enter as disturbing elements our wisest and most compact plans, and like moths in a garment fritter them away.

How often are powerful causes relating to our interests unseen and unsuspected even at the moment of their greatest activity! "From dangers unseen as well as seen, O Lord, thou hast delivered us," was the thoughtful thanksgiving of our fathers; and doubtless we shall in a future world discover that dangers unseen overhanging our heads, but averted by Divine Providence, were the real and chief perils escaped in our life-pilgrimage.

Such thoughts are before us when we contemplate our revolutionary history, with all its wonderful deliverances. That we were often visibly in danger, and escaped, all can

read. But how, probably, should our astonishment be increased if apprised of all the unseen. Who can tell how often the pitiless bullet may have passed within a hand's-breadth of the heart of Washington? How frequently may the machinations plotted in secrecy against him and the glorious cause of liberty, have been just on the point of exploding and burying us in ruins, when an invisible hand has interposed and averted the mischiefs!

It was on a bitter evening in the winter of 1779-80, that a party of British soldiers were regaling themselves in the bar-room of the "Foaming Mug," a well known resort in those days, of jolly fellows and idle soldiers, situated near the Battery in New York. Many a night, while the British troops were here in their comfortable winter quarters, did the affairs of the revolution and the prospects of the colonists pass in review before the sages



of the beer-pot. The prevalent feeling of the British soldiers towards the American army and its officers was that of contempt. They poured incessant ridicule upon the ragged and ill-fed continental soldiers; and the frequently uncouth dress and equipments of officers, who had dropped the implements of husbandry in the field, and hurried to lead their countrymen to the battle-ground, and who had neither time nor means to regard nicely their outward appearance, often made merriment among those who were accustomed to the rich and gaudy show of his Majesty's officers. The appearance of a Yankee prisoner in a British camp was always announced by ill-suppressed laughter and ridicule.

On the evening in question it might have been expected that this contemptuous estimate of Yankee character had been placed in abeyance by the not yet forgotten disasters of the British at Trenton and Princeton, where American skill and valor had triumphed in a most signal manner; but it was in keeping with British vanity to decide that those misfortunes were a mere circumstance—one of those chances of war that might easily happen and be easily repaired. The stale jest and the tide of ridicule circulated as before with their liquor, and the eyes of the fat and punchy Boniface who measured their beverages, sparkled with pleasure as he compared with the continental rags called money, the veritable British gold that flowed into his drawer. Boniface was a loyalist, of course. He knew his men. He appreciated the value of their patronage, and could be trusted without hazard with their secrets and plots, if any were on the tapis.

The flowing bowl had been many times filled and drained on this evening, and the noise and valor of the carousers had reached a crisis, when Hayner, a leading spirit, claiming particular attention to what he had to say, delivered himself as follows:

"Comrades, I have a scheme in my head, which, if carried out with success, will make our fortunes with King George, put an end to this everlasting war with the rebels, and allow us to go home to our wives and sweet-hearts. As for Sir Harry Clinton, he will never get through with this business. The rebels cannot be got to stand a regular fight. They want to worry us out by making us follow them from one end of the country to the other. They dodge about like so many wild ducks, and we can't get a shot at them. Now, comrades, my notion is, that if we can only

get hold of General Washington and bring him a prisoner to our camp, the work will be done. It would break them all up like a hive of bees when the old queen is killed. Now, my boys, you know the old cock perches himself this winter among the hills of Morristown, and our friends, the Tories, from that neighborhood, tell us that he keeps but a small guard about him; and in the midst of such an awful hard winter it is not likely they have much fear of anybody coming to carry him off. Here's a glorious chance as ever was for brave fellows to line their pockets and get promoted in the bargain."

Hayner's companions, like himself, had imbibed just enough excitement to be drawn at once into anything that wore the stamp of bold enterprise, without considering very minutely the chances of failure. All agreed in the correctness of his reasoning, and the practicability of abducting the great American leader from his winter quarters at Morristown, and each one eagerly pledged himself to the enterprise. So favorably did the harangue of Hayner strike his reckless companions, and so perfectly feasible did they regard his adventurous scheme, that they were at once ripe for action.

In truth, the capture of Washington might not have been impracticable, if undertaken with proper caution by the right sort of men. His quarters at that time were in the house now occupied by Judge Ford, lying about a mile east of the American camp, and nearly half a mile on the east or New York side of the village, the town being immediately between the camp and the General's quarters. His house stood alone, not within bearing distance of the nearest neighbor, and could be approached from the direction of New York under cover of a wood which extended to within about a hundred yards of the dwelling. Ordinarily two sentinels in front and two in the rear paraded day and night, but during the season of which we are speaking, and which was long remembered as the "hard winter," the bitterness of the cold and the immense falls of snow, frequently measuring seven or eight feet in depth, compelled every living thing to seek shelter, and at the same time induced a persuasion of perfect security. The sentinels felt that there was but little need of holding their eyes waking, when the very elements defended them and threw up breastworks on all sides, against the invaders of their quarters. At such times a mere handful

of enterprising and determined fellows, would have found it no impracticable undertaking to seize the American General and carry him over to New York. The exact situation of things in the American army was constantly reported by the refugees, in the British camp, and it was upon information thus obtained that Hayner had based the project which he had now announced to his comrades.

The daring enterprise being determined upon, the necessary preparations were at once commenced, and the mode of proceeding discussed. The party, made up on the spot, consisted of twelve, and Hayner was chosen leader. A guide was now all that was necessary, and Boniface offered to procure one who was familiar with the route to Morristown. The party then separated for their several quarters, to meet the following evening for further consultation.

Let us avail ourselves of the interval to take a view of the American forces in their winter quarters at Morristown, at the time to which our story belongs.

Those who have visited this beautiful town will remember that immediately back of the Court-House abruptly rises quite a lofty hill, which ranges off to the west, and presents the appearance of a mountain barrier. The American encampment was upon the summit of this hill, and extended between two and three miles westward—some remains of which are still found there. This winter, as we have already remarked, was distinguished as "the hard winter," and the condition of the troops was truly pitiable. The journal of an officer who partook of the sufferings of that terrible season, says: "We find as yet no relief to the sufferings and privations of our army. Our canvass covering affords but a miserable security from storms of rain and snow, and a great scarcity of provisions prevails, and its effects are felt even at head-quarters." General Washington, in a letter to a private friend, says: "We have had the patience of the army put to the severest test. Sometimes it has been five or six days together without bread; at other times, as many days without meat, and once, two or three days without either. I hardly thought it possible, at one period, that we should be able to keep it together, nor could it have been done but for the great exertions of the county magistrates. Nothing else could have saved the army from dissolution or starvation, as we were bereft of every hope from the commissaries. At one time the sol-

diers ate every kind of horse-food except hay. \* \* \* As an army, they bore it with the most heroic patience; but sufferings like these, accompanied by the want of clothes, blankets, &c., will produce frequent desertion in all armies; and so it happened with us, though it did not excite a single mutiny."

Such was the condition of our little army at the time of which we are writing, and, so far as human agency was concerned, all depended on the commander-in-chief. Had he fallen by death or as a prisoner, at this time, the war of the revolution would have ended in the overthrow of the American arms.

We return to our kidnapping party, whom we parted with as they were separating, after their first evening's deliberations, and who, in the mean time, have been strengthening their force from twelve to thirty, all thoroughly provided and thoroughly armed for the enterprise on hand. They are now at Elizabethtown, where they have landed from Staten Island at early dusk on the evening of a cloudy and dark day. They have a long night before them, but they still need it all, for the distance to Morristown and back cannot be less than thirty-eight miles. One circumstance they regard as favoring their cause, and that is, the snow, which is falling quite fast, prevents the clatter of their horses' feet, which otherwise would attract attention and excite alarm; and a night of dense darkness drew its veil over them. Through the willing agency of certain Tories, relays were provided at convenient points along the road, to facilitate the return flight of the party with their illustrious prize.

Confident of success, and with high spirits, they struck off towards the Short Hills. As they passed through Elizabethtown, they paused a few moments to view the yet smoking ruins of the Presbyterian Church, which within a day or two had been fired by a malignant refugee named Hetfield, in order that he might revenge himself upon the pastor and his people, for their zealous and patriotic devotion to the American cause. Such was the temper of our foes, and particularly of our own countrymen who aided with the British in the revolution, that nothing, however venerable or sacred, was spared, and even the temples of the Most High were made smoking sacrifices by those who from infancy had lived in sight of their spires, or within hearing of their bells. A memorable instance of their malignity was afforded in the history of Eli-

zabethtown, where they burnt the church, in a few months after shot the minister's wife, and finally murdered the minister himself.

"Fine accommodations here for rebel psalm-singing and preaching," said one.

"That tell-tale bell," said another, "that used to talk so loud when any of the boys were coming, is rather tongue-tied since the last operation upon it was performed." But the troopers were not in a jocular humor. Perhaps even their stern hearts, unused as they were to the melting mood, and familiar with the atrocities of war, might have been touched for a moment with sentiments of humanity, with a feeling of regret and shame at the character of a war which made no distinction between a fortress and a church.

Was there not a movement and a slight rustling noise within that enclosure of blackened walls? Some avowed that they had seen a female form retreating from the ruins. Perhaps (others suggested) a gust of wind eddying through the building had thrown down some unconsumed fragments of frame-work. The party turned their horses' heads towards their destination, and moved on silent and thoughtful. There was more faith in ghosts in those days than at present, and this little circumstance had seized strongly the imaginations of a number of the men, but they were ashamed to ask aloud what it might mean, and what it foreboded to the enterprise on hand, and onward they pressed, feeling that their time was precious. So profound had the darkness become, and so blinding and bewildering the falling snow, which came thicker and faster, and struck full in their faces and eyes, that they were more than two hours in reaching Springfield, only one-third of their journey. The road was badly choked with snow, and every minute added to its difficulty; and now rain and hail mingling formed a crust that cut the horses' legs badly, and threatened soon to become entirely impassable. A consultation was held on the question, whether the expedition should proceed, and decided almost unanimously in the affirmative. On, therefore, dashed our bold troopers, and fiercer every hour battled the elements that resisted their progress.

"O night and darkness! ye are wondrous strong."

Sleep sweetly and securely, thou toil-worn, yet calm and placid man, Father of thy country, and last earthly hope of freedom—sleep well, thy God defends thee, and no coun-

sel formed against thee shall prosper. Till thy work is done thou art immortal, and the stars in their courses shall fight against thy country's foes and thine. . . .

Opening the journal of an officer then in the army, he thus describes the storm of that night, as noticed at the American encampment—"The weather has been remarkably cold and stormy. Last night we experienced one of the most tremendous snow-storms ever remembered; no man could endure its violence many minutes without danger of his life. Several marquees were torn asunder and blown down over the officers' heads in the night, and some of the soldiers were actually covered, while in their tents, and buried like sheep under the snow. My comrades and myself were aroused from sleep by the calls of some officers for assistance. Their marquee had blown over, and they were smothered in the storm, before they could reach our marquee, only a few yards, and their blankets and baggage were nearly buried in the snow. This morning the snow is about six feet deep, which so obstructs the road as to prevent our receiving a supply of provision." The old people say that they never before or since saw such snowing; it fell not in flakes, but in thick masses and avalanches, that broke from the sky.

In the face of this conflict of elements, Hayner and his troop, with a perseverance and courage worthy of a righteous cause, pressed on. While crossing the Short Hills, so fiercely did the tempest howl around them, that it seemed as if unearthly voices mingled with it, and the stoutest troopers trembled, but their indomitable leader urged them on. Something in the conduct of their guide about this time, awakened suspicions as to his fidelity, and the dragoons were formed into a hollow square, and he was compelled to ride in the middle, under a threat of instant death if he attempted to escape, or uttered a cry. By unheard-of exertions they at length reached the skirts of Bottle Hill, or Madison, as it is now called. This was within five miles of Washington's head-quarters, but the night was very far spent. Two roads here presented, one running directly through the town, the other skirted it a short distance on the left. They took the latter to avoid observation, and had proceeded about a hundred yards, when a sleigh, drawn apparently by fresh and powerful horses, dashed along the other and the direct road, and was soon out of sight. It was

at once concluded that they had been followed by some one suspicious of their designs, and that now the alarm would be raised at headquarters before they could possibly arrive. Several of the soldiers declared that a female drove the sleigh, and that it was the very one whom they had alarmed at the church at Elizabethtown, but this was laughed at by the rest. However, all agreed that the game was up, and after a night of unparalleled toil and suffering, Hayner reluctantly ordered a retreat, and thus ended the expedition for the capture of Washington. But for the almost miraculous intervention of Heaven, that plot might have been successful; and in the then most critical situation of the army, already described, the result must inevitably have been the termination of the contest between the colonies and the mother country. The reader, if familiar with revolutionary history, will remember that in more than one instance the idea of abducting prominent officers from the enemy's camp had been successfully carried out; and

that it failed in the case we have been relating, was owing only to a remarkable interposition of Providence.

The attempt to capture General Washington is not, we believe, mentioned in the histories of that period which we have been accustomed to read. The fact may be found stated, however, in Howe's Historical Collections of New Jersey; a work of great merit, evincing unwavering industry of research, gathering its facts on the spot where they occurred, and from the lips of those who were witnesses or actors in the case, whenever this has been possible. "Much yet remains unsung;" much of revolutionary incident, worthy of the minstrel's loftiest numbers, is even unwritten, and is found only among the recollections of ancient people. From personal intercourse with such, and speaking on the hint in the Historical Collections just referred to, we have gathered our present story, which "we tell as it was told to us."

## SAVONAROLA.

THERE have been striking contrasts in the religious sentiments of the Italians for several centuries past. Over the poorer and uneducated classes, Romish superstition has preserved an almost unlimited sway; that religion, in its sternest form, having obtained so strong a hold on the minds of the common people, that even the shock which the Reformation gave it in other countries has been comparatively but little felt in Italy. But in the higher circles of society, it has been very different. Those among them who have studied the history of their country, and have pored over its extensive literature, have generally abandoned all faith in the errors of the Roman Catholic Church.

Nor is this to be wondered at. The literature of Italy is full of anti-Romish influences. Its poets teach doctrines as contrary to the spirit of that faith as those which are called Protestant. In what mind, for instance, can the perusal of Dante's description of the heresies and detestable crimes of many Popes, some of whom, in his "Divine Comedy," he has placed in the infernal regions, fail to raise a doubt as to the infallibility of those pretended vicege-

rents of God? There are hundreds of passages in the writings of Petrarch, Dante, Boccaccio, and others, which point out in language the most striking and undisguised, the absurdities of Rome.

There have been men in Italy who, with strong and inquiring minds, have roused themselves from the sleep of superstition and error, and have sought and found the way of truth. There have been men who have torn asunder the chains with which Popery shackles her blind followers, and have proclaimed the Gospel in at least part of its purity. There have been men who have defied the anathemas of Antichrist, have fallen victims to oppression and cruelty, and have suffered the death of the martyr.

Such a man was Savonarola. We will devote a few pages of this Magazine to a short sketch of his interesting life.

Jeronimo Savonarola, a native of Ferrara, was born in 1452. From his very childhood he was an enthusiast in religious matters, and resolved to devote himself to a monastic life. It was the intention of his parents that he should become a physician; but in his four-



teenth year he left the parental roof without his father's consent, and entered a Dominican convent. He showed great fondness for study, and was much admired as an academical speaker; but he soon began to preach at Florence, where at first he was very unsuccessful; his voice, says one of his biographers, was at once feeble and harsh, and his address ungraceful. But by great and persevering efforts he overcame these natural defects, and in a few years his deep-toned voice and graceful action gained him the admiration of all. Yet, whether because he was aware that he had still much to learn and more to unlearn, or because he felt that the effect of the flattery he received was injurious to his piety, he soon retired again to the convent, at Bologna, and not only recommenced his monastic duties, but pursued the study of metaphysics. Here, it has been said, the idea of his Divine mission first entered his mind.

Did Savonarola sincerely believe that he was inspired of God in his prophecies? or was it merely to gain authority over the minds of the vulgar that he declared himself a prophet? This is a question the answer to which must determine the character of this great man, as an impostor or a martyr; and that answer can be ascertained only by investigating his life and his actions.

In 1484, Savonarola commenced his discourses on the book of the Revelations, at Brescia. Attacking the vices and luxury of the inhabitants, he prophesied that shortly their city would be deluged in blood, as a Divine punishment for their sins. A remarkable fulfilment of this prediction occurred two years after his death, when Brescia was taken by the French.

In 1489, the famous Lorenzo de Medici was induced by the learning and talent of Savonarola to invite him to make Florence his home. He came, and there continued to preach, attracting thousands of hearers; the church in which he spoke was continually crowded. The reputation of his sanctity, his powerful eloquence, and his ever-increasing enthusiasm, soon made him very popular. But, notwithstanding the advances which Lorenzo de Medici made, Savonarola resisted all his proffers of friendship. Regarding him as the usurper of the liberties of his country, and its oppressor, he refused even to see him when he visited him. But it appears that Lorenzo entertained no bitter feelings towards him, but held him in the highest estimation. "On his

death-bed Lorenzo sent for the monk," says an historian, "who asked him if he had an entire confidence in the mercy of God; if he was willing to make restitution for all goods which he had procured unlawfully; and if he was prepared to restore the Florentine republic to its former liberty. To the two first questions the dying man replied in the affirmative, but was silent at the last request; upon which Savonarola left him without administering absolution."

The influence of Savonarola over the Florentines soon became visible by its effects. The multitude, excited by his prophecies of approaching calamities, reformed their vicious habits; luxury was repressed, and a change of manners was visible throughout the city. The family of the Medici was expelled; the magistrates who were newly appointed laid down their offices at the demand of the people, instigated by Savonarola; and a republican form of government was adopted.

Till then, the influence of Savonarola had been on the increase; but he aimed at a wider reformation. Rightly supposing that the vices of the people were in a great measure occasioned by the detestable conduct of its religious leaders, he began to denounce publicly the crimes which disgraced the See of Rome; he spared not Alexander VI. himself, but declared that the church had no visible head, that he who called himself thus, deserved not the name of a Christian, much less that of a bishop. The enraged pontiff excommunicated him; but Savonarola thought very lightly of the thunders of Rome, and declared that the Pope's sentence was unjust, and therefore not valid. He continued to preach; but the Roman legate at Florence called on the senate to silence him instantly, threatening that their territory would be laid under an interdict unless they complied. This ended the matter, and Savonarola was forced to cease preaching.

But there was another party at Florence which had always opposed Savonarola, and was now triumphing in his disgrace. It was that of the Franciscans. These, to render the reformer ridiculous in the eyes of the multitude, challenged him to confirm his doctrines by submitting to the trial of walking through the flames with one of their number. Savonarola, too much above the spirit of his age to attempt to perform a miracle, refused the challenge; but Bonvicini, one of his disciples, insisted on accepting it himself. The day ap-

pointed came; it was the 7th of April, 1498. Savonarola, followed by a long procession, appeared by the side of Bonvicini, and chanting the 68th Psalm: "Let God arise, and let his enemies be scattered." The materials for the fiery ordeal were prepared, and an immense number of spectators were assembled around the spot. But here difficulties were created by both parties. Ponille, the antagonist of Bonvicini, declared that he would undergo the trial with none but the monk himself; but a substitute was soon found. Then the Franciscans insisted that Bonvicini should be stripped of his clothing, lest he might be a sorcerer. They then refused to allow their opponent to bear the host with him into the flames; but this point Savonarola would not yield. Their disputes continued some time, till at last a heavy shower put an end to the ceremony, and the assembly was dismissed. But this event was fatal to Savonarola. The multitude supposing that he had raised the objections, insulted him on his way to the convent of St. Mark's, where he resided. On the next day he preached; and, apparently foreseeing his fate, he bade adieu to his hearers, and declared himself ready to offer his life a sacrifice to God.

On the same night his enemies, at the service of vespers in the cathedral, raised the cry: "To St. Mark's!" An infuriated mob was collected, and rushing with lighted torches

to the convent, dragged forth Savonarola, and led him, with threats and insults, to prison.

A courier was immediately dispatched to Pope Alexander, informing him of the arrest of Savonarola. The pontiff, exulting in the misfortune of his enemy, insisted that he should be led to Rome and tried there; but to this the senate would not consent. The Pope then deputed two ecclesiastical judges to conduct the process. Savonarola at first threw his judges into confusion by his firmness and eloquence; but, weakened by austerities as well as by misfortune, and unable to endure the rack by which he was tortured, he confessed that his doctrines were false; but when his deposition was read to him, he declared that it was extorted by bodily agony. A second similar attempt was made with the same result.

The 28th of May, 1498, was the day appointed for his execution. A pile of faggots was erected on the spot where the trial by fire was to have taken place; and Savonarola was tied to the stake. When the presiding bishop proclaimed him separated from the church, he exclaimed: "From the church militant;" these were his last words; and he soon entered the church triumphant.

Thus died Savonarola, who added an illustrious name to the list of the martyrs of Jesus.  
C. W. B.

## BEIRÛT.

(SEE PLATE.)

THE following description of Beirût is an extract from "Robinson's Biblical Researches in Palestine:"

Beirût is situated on the N. W. coast of the promontory; and an hour distant from the cape, directly upon the sea-shore. There was once a little port, now filled up; so that vessels can anchor only in the open road. The town is surrounded on the land-side by a wall of no great strength, with towers. The houses are high, and solidly built of stone. The streets are narrow and gloomy, badly paved, or rather laid with large stones, with a deep channel in the middle for animals, in which

water often runs. The aspect of the city is more substantial than that of any other we had seen along the coast. I went twice into the town, and saw the only remains of antiquity which are now pointed out, viz., the numerous ancient columns lying as a foundation beneath the quay, and the ancient road cut in the rock outside of the southwestern wall. South of the city gate, near the wayside, is a little cemetery, in which one reads the names of Mr. Abbot, formerly British consul at Beirût, and of Pliny Fisk, the missionary and man of God.

The city lies on a gradual slope, so that the

the streets have a descent towards the sea; but back of the town the ground rises towards the south with more rapidity, to a considerable elevation. Here, and indeed all around the city, is a succession of gardens and orchards of fruit and of countless mulberry-trees, sometimes surrounded by hedges of prickly pear, and giving to the environs of Beirût an aspect of great verdure and beauty; though the soil is perhaps less rich, and the fruits less fine, than in the vicinity of Saida. These gardens and orchards are all reckoned to the city, and were enclosed in the cordon; in them dwell at least one-third of the population. The dwellings of the Franks are scattered upon the hills towards the south, each in the midst of its garden; they are built of stone in the European style, and exhibit many of the comforts of the west, heightened by the luxuries and charms of the east.

The houses of our friends were in this quarter; and commanded a superb prospect. From our windows the eye took in the whole great bay, north of the promontory of Beirût, extending to the point near Nahr Ibrahim, the ancient Adonis. On the right the mighty wall of Lebanon rose in indescribable majesty, with one of its loftiest summits, Jebel Sûnnîn, in full view; while beneath, between us and its foot, lay spread out a broad region covered with green trees and full of beauty. Along the bay where it sets up to the very foot of Lebanon, we could distinguish the mouth of the Nahr el-Kelb, the ancient Lycus, with its celebrated pass marked by Latin inscriptions and Egyptian monuments; near the southern corner is the Nahr Beirût, perhaps the Magoras of Pliny; while still more at hand was pointed out the region where, according to the legend, the combat took place between St. George and the dragon.

Yet what interested me most of all, perhaps, was the view of the towering heights of Lebanon, so rich in delightful associations drawn from Scriptural history. As its ridges here present themselves to the eye, there is no difficulty in accounting for the name Lebanon, signifying in Hebrew, the "White Mountain." The whole mass of the mountain consists of whitish limestone; or, at least, the rocky surface, as it reflects the light, exhibits everywhere a whitish aspect. The mountain teems with villages; and is cultivated more or less almost to the very top. Yet so steep and rocky is the surface, that the tillage is carried on chiefly by means of terraces, built up, with

great labor, and covered above with soil. When one looks upward from below, the vegetation on these terraces is not visible; so that the whole mountain-side appears as if composed only of immense rugged masses of naked whitish rock, severed by deep wild ravines running down precipitously to the plain. No one would suspect among these rocks, the existence of a vast multitude of thrifty villages, and a numerous population of mountaineers, hardy, industrious, and brave. There is a great number of convents scattered over Lebanon.

The celebrated cedar-grove of Lebanon is at least two days' journey from Beirût, near the northern and perhaps highest summit of the mountain, six or eight hours north of Jebel Sûnnîn. It has been often and sufficiently described by travellers for the last three centuries; but they all differ as to the number of the oldest trees; inasmuch as in counting, some have included more and some less of the younger ones. At present the number of trees appears to be on the increase, and amounts in all to several hundred. This grove was long held to be the only remnant of the ancient cedars of Lebanon. But Seetzen, in A. D. 1805, discovered two other groves of greater extent; and the American missionaries, in travelling through the mountains, have also found many cedars in other parts. I mention the subject here, chiefly in order to add the testimony of Prof. Ehrenberg to the same fact. This distinguished naturalist spent a considerable time on Lebanon; and informs me, that he found the cedar growing abundantly on those parts of the mountain, lying north of the road between Ba'albek and Tripolis. The trees are of all sizes, old and young; but none so ancient and venerable as those usually visited.

To say nothing of the rich mines of discovery in physical science, still to be explored in Mount Lebanon, the mountain well deserves further examination in the matter of historical import. I refer to the various ancient temples found in several parts of Lebanon, on both sides; some of them high up, in places where it must have been difficult to build; and exhibiting a style of architecture similar to the wonderful structures of Ba'albek. The site of one of these temples was visible from our windows, near the village Beit Miry, half way up the mountain, at the distance of three hours from Beirût. It is called Deir el-Kûl'ah; and was described as built of immense hewn stones

without cement, with large columns in front; which, as well as the walls, are now mostly overthrown. Burckhardt visited not less than four other like temples in different parts of the mountain; and a sixth is marked by Mr. Bird at Husn es-Sufiry, in the district of ed-Dünnyeh, N. E. of Tripolis. Not improbably more exist in various other places.

Beirût is the ancient Berytus of the Greeks and Romans, and perhaps also the Berothai or Berothah of the Hebrew Scriptures. The notices, however, respecting the latter, are so very indefinite, that the name alone suggests an identity. As Berytus, it is mentioned by the Greek and Latin geographers. Under Augustus it became a Roman colony by the name of Felix Julia; and was afterwards endowed with the rights of an Italian city. It was at Berytus, that Herod the Great procured the flagitious mock-trial to be held over his two sons. The elder Agrippa greatly favored the city, and adorned it with a splendid theatre and amphitheatre, besides baths and porticoes; inaugurating them with games and spectacles of every kind, including shows of gladiators. Here, too, after the destruction of Jerusalem, Titus celebrated the birth-day of his father Vespasian, by the exhibition of similar spectacles, in which many of the captive Jews perished.

In the next succeeding centuries, Berytus became renowned as a school of Greek learning, particularly of law; and was visited by scholars from a distance, like Athens and Alexandria. Eusebius relates, that the martyr Appian resided here for a time to pursue Greek secular learning; and the celebrated Gregory Thaumaturgus, about the middle of the third century, after having frequented the schools of Alexandria and Athens, repaired to Berytus, to perfect himself in the civil law. A later Greek poet describes Berytus in this respect as "the nurse of tranquil life." It was early likewise made a Christian bishopric, under the jurisdiction of the patriarch of Antioch; and is mentioned by Jerome, as one of the places visited by Paula.

Under the reign of Justinian, in the sixth century, Berytus was regarded as the most beautiful city of Phenicia; its academy continued to flourish, and was visited by many young men of wealth and rank, who pursued here the study of the Roman law in its Greek form. Under the same reign, Berytus was laid in ruins by an earthquake, and the school removed for a time to Sidon. In a later and

more legend-loving age, in the eighth century, Berytus became the reputed seat of the noted miracle, according to which, when an image of Christ was once mocked and crucified by the Jews in scorn, and the side pierced with a spear, there issued from it blood and water in great quantity.

The crusaders, in their first progress along the coast from Antioch to Jerusalem, in A. D. 1099, passed by Beirût, as they did other cities, without any attempt to get possession of it; indeed its commander is related to have furnished to them supplies of provisions and money, on condition that they would spare the harvest, the vineyards, and the trees around the city. The place was not captured till A. D. 1110; when king Baldwin I. took it, after a protracted siege of seventy-five days. It remained long in the hands of the Christians; and is described as surrounded by a strong wall, and as lying in the midst of orchards, and groves, and vineyards. Beirût was made a Latin bishopric, under the archbishop of Tyre, and the patriarch of Jerusalem. In A. D. 1182, Saladin besieged the town by sea and land, and made violent efforts to take it by storm; but withdrew on the approach of the Christian forces from Sepphoris, after laying waste the adjacent orchards and vineyards. Five years later, immediately after the battle of Hattin, Beirût surrendered to him on the eighth day after it was invested.

To the new host of crusaders, chiefly from Germany, who reached the Holy Land in A. D. 1197, the possession of Beirût became an object of importance. It was now a seat of trade; it occupied a favorable position; and the Saracen galleys which harbored in and near its port, committed great ravages upon the Christian commerce, capturing and making slaves of thousands of pilgrims as they approached the Syrian coasts. The Christian army marched from Tyre upon this enterprise; and after a general battle with the Saracen forces, near Sidon, appeared before Beirût. They found the gates open; for, on the preceding day, the Christian slaves within the walls had risen upon the Saracens, and delivered the city over to the Christian fleet. It was now given up to Amalrie, as king of Cyprus and Jerusalem, and re-annexed to the latter kingdom.

In the later strife between the emperor Frederick II. and the regent John of Ibelin, Beirût was seized and occupied for a time, in A. D. 1231, by the imperial forces; but was



again abandoned without taking the citadel. The city remained in possession of the Christians, until the final and terrible overthrow of the Frank dominion in Syria, in A. D. 1291, in the siege and storm of 'Akka. After the abandonment of Tyre and Sidon by the Christians, the troops of the Sultan Ashraf approached Beirût. The Emîr in command announced to the inhabitants, that the former truce, which they had not broken, should be continued to them; and, at the same time, summoned them to come out and meet him with confidence, as he drew near. They went forth accordingly in procession, to receive him on their borders; but, false to his word, he caused them to be seized and put to death or thrown into chains, took possession of the city and castle, and laid them both in ruins.

In the next following period, Beirût, like Saida, appears to have recovered from its desolation, and continued to be a trading city. Abulfeda describes it as surrounded by a rich soil and gardens, and as the port of Damascus. So, too, Edh-Dhâhîrî, in the fifteenth century. Frank travellers of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, speak of the beauty of its environs, full of fruits and gardens of all kinds; among which, however, the mulberry already predominated; the culture of silk being, even then, the chief occupation of the inhabitants. Like Saida, this city also revived somewhat in the beginning of the seventeenth century, from the activity of Fakhr ed-Dîn, who made it one of his chief places of residence, and erected here an extensive palace; although he filled up the port. According to D'Arvieux, Beirût, in his day, was twice as large as Saida, and much better built; though

the chief centre of European trade, during that and the eighteenth century, remained at Saida. Caravans from Aleppo, Damascus, and Egypt, regularly arrived at Beirût; especially at the season when the silk of each year came into market.

Within the present century, and indeed within the last twenty years, Beirût has received a new impulse, from having been made the centre of European trade from this part of the coast, and as the port of Damascus. Before that time, one or two consular agents were the sole representatives of the west. At present there are resident consuls from most of the European powers, and also one from the American States; trade has flourished and been extended by the establishment of mercantile houses, some of which have branches in Damascus; and the activity, the population, and the importance of the city have been greatly increased. This circumstance, and the facilities for communication with the interior and other parts of the country, have caused Beirût to be selected as the chief seat of the American Mission in Syria; which, in its schools, and by its press, as well as by direct effort, has prospered not only in proportion to its means, but to an extent far beyond what its limited means would have authorized us to expect.

Such was Beirût, and such were Tyre and Sidon when we saw them; and also when the manuscript of these pages was completed, in August, 1840. But in the middle of the very next month, September, 1840, Beirût was laid in ruins by a bombardment from the combined English and Austrian fleet; and Tyre, Sidon, Haifa, and 'Akka, in their turn, were subjected to the like fate.

# "LIFT UP THY TEARFUL EYE."

WORDS BY WM. OLAND BOURNE.  
*Con Tenerezza.*

MUSIC BY P. A. ANDREU.

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It consists of three systems of staves. Each system has a vocal line (treble clef, 6/8 time) and a piano accompaniment (grand staff, 6/8 time). The lyrics are written below the vocal line. The piano part features a steady accompaniment with chords and moving lines in both hands. The tempo/mood is indicated as 'Con Tenerezza'.

I Lift up thy tear - ful eye, Why should'st thou weep? Faith  
*tenuto.*  
points thee to the sky, 'Mid sor - - - - - rows  
deep; Re - ceive the pro - mise made to thee, Nor launch thy bark on

2. Break forth in joyous strains,  
Sad, weeping soul!  
Forget thy fears and pains,  
And be thou whole;  
Sink not forever 'mid thy gloom,  
For mercy's star may well illumine  
The trusting soul.

3. Put on thy armor now,  
Half-vanquished one!  
Lift up thy care-stamped brow  
To Heaven's bright sun;  
And life and light shall freely shine  
Upon that shrinking faith of thine,  
Till Heaven is won!

"LIFT UP THY TEARFUL EYE."

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This musical score is for the song "LIFT UP THY TEARFUL EYE." It is written for a voice and piano. The score is divided into four systems, each with a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The key signature has one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 4/4. The lyrics are: "sor-row's sea, Why should'st thou weep? Why should'st thou weep? Why should'st thou weep? a pincere. weep? Why should'st thou weep?" The piano accompaniment features a steady eighth-note pattern in the right hand and a more complex, often sixteenth-note pattern in the left hand. The score concludes with a double bar line and a final chord in the piano part.

sor-row's sea, Why should'st thou weep? Why should'st thou

weep? Why should'st thou weep? a pincere. weep? Why should'st thou weep?

*sf* *sf*

## THE PARLOR TABLE.

**DOWLING'S HISTORY OF ROMANISM.**—The most elegant book in point of typographical and mechanical beauty which the last month has laid on our table, is the History of Romanism, from the earliest corruptions of Christianity to the present times, with full chronological tables, analytical and alphabetical indexes and glossary: illustrated by numerous accurate and highly finished engravings of its ceremonies, superstitions, persecutions, and historical incidents. By Rev. John Dowling, A. M. It is published by Edward Walker, who is entitled to great commendation for the style in which it is brought out. The want of such a work as this has been often felt; for while we are abundantly supplied with books on Popery, and there are also very elaborate and voluminous histories of Romanism, there has been no work of convenient size, of sufficient comprehensiveness, and so arranged as to furnish the general reader with a concise, lucid and graphic view of the greatest system of error and imposture which the world ever saw. Mr. Dowling has availed himself freely of the valuable labors of others, and has made a book which we trust will be widely circulated and greatly useful in this land and day of ours. We must add that the engravings in this volume are among the best specimens of wood engraving we ever saw; they are by Lossing.

**DR. HAWES ON THE EASTERN WORLD.**—A great comfort it is to those of us who must stay at home, to have the fruits of travel brought to us by those who may fly to the ends of the earth as on the wings of the wind. Thus we have before us in a beautiful volume the "Impressions of Foreign Travel," by the Rev. Dr. Hawes, of Hartford, who returned about a year ago, from a visit to the Holy Land. The volume is chiefly composed of sermons delivered by the author to his people shortly after his return, and they present a vivid and truthful picture of the moral condition and the prospects of the Oriental churches. The book is therefore of more than passing interest; it is worthy of careful perusal for the valuable information it imparts, of a people daily engrossing more and more the attention of the civilized world.

**WILEY & PUTNAM'S LIBRARY OF CHOICE READING** furnishes us almost every week with a new volume of reading, chiefly of the lighter

cast, but most of it well worth the time it takes. And, by the way, these books "which are books," are very apt to take up all the time we have, until they are disposed of, whenever we find one of them lying on our parlor table. **ZSCHOKKE'S TALES**, translated by Parke Godwin, are admirable in their way, though there are some *Germanisms* in some of the stories which are not the thing for youthful readers.

**THE TEN DOLLAR LIBRARY** of the American Sunday School Union is one of the most wonderful specimens of the power of the press, which has been exhibited since the art of printing was discovered. One hundred volumes of good books, the smallest having 72 pages and the largest 250, are furnished for ten dollars, so that by a little self-denial any family, with a taste for reading, may be supplied with a beautiful and instructive set of books; and every Sabbath School may easily avail itself of the opportunity of obtaining this handsome library.

**LUCILLA** is the name of an attractive volume, published by Carter; it is written by A. Monod, a French pastor, and is specially designed to set before the young, in lucid language, the evidences of Christianity. So happily is this purpose attained, that the young will peruse the book with delight, while the candid and ingenious mind can scarcely fail to be impressed with the cogent and conclusive reasoning it contains.

**POEMS**, by W. W. Lord, published by Appleton, have attracted unusual attention; the opinions of critics have been so various, that we might be excused for giving none; but having read the major poems with intense delight, we cannot withhold the tribute of praise so justly due to the young and promising author. In his first attempt to fly, he has reached a lofty height, and seems at home while there. In the closing passages of the hymn to "Niagara," and in some of the strains of "Worship," there are thoughts of great splendor, clothed in words of power that would have graced the pages of the old masters of song. We cannot but detect a sympathy with Coleridge in this poet, and we beg that he will make no man his master, but strike out his own path. He needs no guide, and we have no fears of his success.



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